OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."—*Shakspeare.*

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THE OBSERVER

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POETRY.

From "American Sketches"—by Thomas C. Upham.

It is related as a tradition, that one of the soldiers who fought at Lovell's Pond, in 1725, on being desperately wounded, crept into a birchen canoe, and in that condition was wafted to the other side, beyond the reach of the conflict; and the probability is, considering how few escaped to tell the issue of that day's sanguinary encounter, that his life and sufferings were ended beneath the wave.

[This is incorrect. The soldier, alluded to, whose name was *Kies*, being wounded in three places, hove himself into a birch canoe, and committed it to the mercy of the waves. He was drifted several miles towards the fort, and finally reached his home in safety.]—ED. OB.

THE BIRCHEN CANOE.

In their coffins the dead lie and slumber in clay,
But a birchen canoe yonder hastens away,
Which contains in its bosom, cold, lifeless, and red,
A soldier in battle, who struggled and bled.

Thou pale, bleeding soldier, thou white, birchen boat
Oh, whither, oh, whither, so far would ye float?
That soldier so crimson, when death had come nigh,
Laid down in that vessel to languish and die.

That birchen canoe, now he's dead, o'er the wave,
Is bearing his body to find it a grave;
And whither it hastens and where will be soon,
Is a cave wrought by fairies to shelter the moon.

That birchen canoe shall go down in the deep,
To find out a place, where a soldier might sleep,
And wreaths made of moonlight shall gladden his cell
And fairies by moonlight shall dance to his knell.

For a coffin, that boat shall recline o'er his breast,
And the murmurs of Lovell's pond sooth him to rest;
For a shroud o'er that soldier the green weeds shall bloom,
And fairies by moonlight shall dance round his tomb.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SINGULAR TALE.

We are about to indulge our readers with a very singular, but a very true relation of an affair, which happened some years since in one of the French provinces.

A man of fashion and wealth paid his addresses to a young lady of beauty, rank, and distinguished merit. As there was a parity in years, in fortune, and in situation, the lady received her gallant with the customary condescension females seldom withold from those whom they are taught to pronounce upon an equality with themselves. The parents of the young lady, however, from some motive, disapproved of the match. The gentleman pleaded, but in vain; and finding it impossible to overcome the *aged obstinacy* of the parents, he resolved to solicit his charmer's consent to enter into the holy bands of matrimony, without any farther consultation with the parents, who seemed resolutely to persist in denial.—Having fully explained himself on this head, the young lady after recovering from the confusion, which on these occasions is visible among the virgin fair, consented to become his wife. They were wedded, and the marriage kept a profound secret.

It happened after a few years had elapsed, that the husband was obliged to leave his lovely bride, being called into a foreign country in orded to adjust some affairs which required his immediate presence. The necessity was no less urgent than disagreeable to both parties; however they permitted their good sense to opperate, and after vowing mutual affection and fidelity, parted in certain expectation of seeing each other, at a time when such an alteration should take place as might afford them an opportunity of living in a manner every way becoming a virtuous and happy wedded pair.

For some time they corresponded; but the husband being obliged to cross several tempestuous seas, did not receive such frequent answers to his epistles as he had reason to expect. This he attributed to a distance of climate, rendering a regular correspondence altogether impractible, and as he imagined his letters had miscarried, he resolved for the present to desist from writing, not relishing to have his sentiments canvassed over by indifferent strangers, or perhaps captious enemies. Another reason which induced him to lay aside for the present all thoughts of continuing an epistolary correspondence, was the prospect he had of shortly returning to France, where the presence of his amiable consort would infinately exceed all ideal interviews, and make ample amends for all the pangs his heart had undergone. It is now time that we should return to his lady.

As she possessed a considerable share of youth and beauty, it is not supposed that she could remain without a train of admirers. Her parents who never dreamed about their daughter's previous marriage, became more anxious to select a person whose mental and personal endowments, might, in their own estimation, render him worthy of their favorite daughter's hand and heart.

Several years had now rolled on, without the lady's hearing a syllable from her real husband. At length the fatal news arrived that he was no more.

The lady was inconsolable—but she found it prudent to stifle her griefs, that she might not excite the smallest degree of suspicion. When she had paid every tribute consistent with reflection to the memory of her departed lord, a gentleman was proposed by her parents for her aprobation, and the good old people were so prejudiced in favor of the person whom they had chosen, they gave the daughter to understand that their happiness depended on her compliance.

The young lady, who thought herself entirely at liberty, to commit a second trespass upon Hymen, after some little hesitation consented. The nuptials were celebrated; the lady if not happy, was placid, and serenely content—the parents were delighted the bridegroom was enraptured, all were jocund, and all were sprightly. For four years this newly married couple lived in complete harmony, but at length an interminating fever seized the lady; the physicians were baffled, and she to all appearance paid the debt due to nature.—She was buried with pomp, and all reverence shown to her memory the custom of the country would admit of.

During her illness, her former husband whom we left abroad, had returned, and after making the necessary inquiries, was informed of every circumstance we have related above.

As he was unwilling to surprise her while she was cambatted with sickness, he had employed a trusty person to make him acquainted with each particular of her case—and the very moment the news of her death reached his ear, he was seized with a frantic wildness within his soul, and he resolved to receive no sustenance, but to bury himself among the the mould which lay lightly on her breast, and thus pine out the remaining period of his existence.

Full of this resolution he repaired the night she was buried, to her tomb and after digging up the earth, discovered her coffin, fetched a deep sigh, and was about to streach his wearied limbs, when to his consternation, astonishment, and affright, he perceived signs of life. He tore open the coffiin, and found, it even as he suspected. His wife was almost suffocated. He snatched her up in his arms, conveyed her to the house of a neighbor, had her put into a warm bed, and in a few weeks she was perfectly restored to life and tolerable health.

As she had a real affection for her first husband, she made no scruple in choosing him for her companinon—but as the affair soon made a prodigious noise throughout the country, the second husband, who also doated on her to distraction, no sooner was informed of the particulars, than he attempted to force her to live with him. The prior claimant as resolutely persisted in keeping her to himself. In short a law suit was commenced, and the most learned advocates in France were employed; a redundancy of erudition was displayed, and after being liturgated for a length of time, a solemn decision was made in favor of the former husband.

The story has so much the air of fable and romance, that to leave an impression of its truth on the minds of our readers, it is necessary to inform them that the French lawyers have selected all the famous trials with the decisions that have been given in their courts for a series of years.

This work which is contained in several folio volumes, is entitled "Les Causes Celebres." The above very extraordinary relation is recited therein, together with all the subtle and ingenious arguments used by the opposite advocates for the different husbands. So there can be but little doubt of the truth of the narrative so expressly and well authenticated.

DR. CARTER.—Dr. Ezra Carter, a celebrated physician of New Concord, who died in 1767, was once called to visit a sick family, in Bow, whose sufferings were increased by their extreme poverty. They were a long time sick—the Dr. was constant in his visits, and his bill of considerable amount. On the recovery of the family, the honest man and his wife, were in new distress about paying the bill of their faithful physician. "How" said he to the Doctor, "am I to pay you for all your kindness? You see here a large family destitute of every thing but the bare necessaries of life." "I have been faithful to you," said the doctor," "and am justly entitled to your reward." "You have been kind and faithful, Doctor," said the trembling wife," and are justly entitled to your reward; but do wait a little—we can't pay you now." I can inform you, my good friends," replied the inexorable physician, "that I am *knowing* to your having property enough to satisfy my demands—and, moreover, I shall have it before I leave the house." The poor man and his wife, were thunderstruck—they had heard that the Doctor was a kind-hearted and benevolent man, which rendered his reply the more surprising and distressing to them. At this a flock of kittens scampered across the floor—the Doctor caught one of them, and put it in his pocket, and said—"I told you I should have my pay before I left your house—I have got it. Good bye—God bless you."

Before his death, this good man looked over his accounts, and filled out receipts in full, of all them, which were against poor persons, and left directions with his executors to deliver them to those concerned, immediately after his death. His orders were obeyed.

Abridged from Moor's Annals.

A SHORT SERMON.

"*And the herd ran violently down a steep place.*"

1st. It was a herd of swine.

2d. It seems they ran violently.

3dly. They ran down a steep place.

And what was the matter with these swine? Why, the devil was in them. But why did they run violently? Because the devil urged them on. And why did they run down a steep place? because it was a devlish trick.

It seems by the history there was a legion of devils. But where did they come from? They were cast out of one man. What! a legion of devils in one man? Yes my hearers, mankind are *full* of the devil.

Improvement.—1st. Mankind act very swinishly. They are all running, and running violently; and not only so, but they are running down a very steep place.

2dly. The devil helps them on as fast as possible.

3dly. They will go to destruction unless the devil is cast out of them.

Reputation.—There are two modes of establishing our reputation: to be praised by honest men, to be abused by rogues. It is best however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter. His calumniation is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can confer upou us, but it is the only service he will perform for nothing.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

HARVESTING. Wheat and rye should be cut as soon as the straw has all turned excepting at the joints, of yellowish hues. The kernel should be so hard that you can't mash it between your thumb and finger. If on twisting the straw below the ear no juice can be forced out, you may conclude that it is high time to cut it. If the weather is fine, and you make small sheaves, and shock in the field you may as well bind your grain as you proceed with the reaping; that is reap across the field, go back in the same track, and take up and bind what you have just reaped. If the stalk, however, is stout, and he ear full and heavy, let your grain be exposed to sunshine till the latter part of the day. If your mows are large, the grain will need the more curing. It is best to put grain on scaffolds at some distance from the ground, in which position it will be much less liable to mould or sustain injury from dampness than if it were placed in a barn, in such a manner that there can be no circulation of air beneath it. Avoid cutting grain when it is wet, and if you suspect it is not so dry as it should be, bind the sheaves loosely near the ears, set them up singly and spread out the *butts* or lower ends of the sheaves, so as to admit the air to pervade every part. *N. E. Farmer.*

ECONOMY.—Men are very ready to join in the complaint of "Hard Times;" but, after all, there are *some advantages* resulting from this state of things which it might be well to consider. It affords subjects of conversation and reflection—sets our wits at work to devise—calls our energies into action—and furnishes *excuses* for many things that we *do*, and some that we *neglect* to do.

An old customer of ours accosted us the other day with, "Well, Mr. Printer, the *times are so hard*, I believe I shall have to *stop the papers.*—No cash stirring—grain goes for nothing—must"—(pulling out his tobacco-box, and taking a *comfortable quid*) "lop off superfluities." "*Superfluities!* (replied we)—break your *rum-bottle*, and throw away your *tobacco-box!*" "What! (retorted he with some spirit)—Hope I can afford myself a glass of bitters occasionally, and a quid of tobacco yet, and always shall!" "So, then, yon are not willing to dispense with these indulgences, be the times ever so hard; but would make yourself *ignorant* for *fear of poverty*, and deprive your family of a cheap source of amusement and instruction, that they may appear, in the view of their neighbors, vicious or debased, which is worse than being impoverished! *Such economy*, friend, might answer for *slaves*, but wo'nt do for *freemen.*" "Well, well, there's some truth in that—Here's fifty cents—I must take the papers, but—*can't throw away my tobacco!*" *Ithica (N. Y.) Journal.*

Cure for the Cholera Morbus. After burning a cork thoroughly, pour on it a tea spoonful of brandy, then mash it well with loaf sugar and a little nutmeg or essence of peppermint and water. This is a safe recipe which has almost invariably been efficacious, in curing the cholera morbus and bilious cholic.—*B. Pat.*

Tooth Ache. This afflicting disorder can be immediately relieved, by holding in the mouth a mixture of salt, vinegar and spirits, in the proportion of a table spoonful of spirit, the same quantity of sharp vinegar, and a tea spoonful of salt.

Sick Head Ache.—To remove an attack of the sick head ache, a correspondent in one of the monthly journals, recommends the patient to take a "spoonfull of ginger mixed with a lump of sugar, in a tumbler three parts full of water, with chill off; to sit, for quarter of an hour, with his feet in water agreeably warm and to apply a napkin wrung out with cold water to the temples or forehead whichever appears the most affected.

Valuable information for Smiths.—Under this head we last week published an article relative to a new method of welding cast steel and iron, by the aid of borax, sal ammoniac and unslaked lime. An intelligent smith has informed us that he has been in the habit of using borax alone to weld cast steel, for a great number of years, and that the discovery was made by a person who lived in the neighborhood of Springfield, Mass. soon after the Revolutionary war; by this it would seem that we have the start of the English considerably.—*Hud. Whig.*

To destroy worms in fruit trees.—Take a half inch auger or bit, and bore to the centre of every tree; then by means of a paper tube, fill the hole with *Sulphur*, crowding it in with a ramrod; then, cut off a green limb from the same tree, and plug the hole. It will not require more than two spoonfuls of sulphur for each tree, and in forty-eight hours the worms will leave the remotest branches. The process will also be beneficial for young fruit tress, even when not troubled with worms; it renders them more thrifty. This process has been found infallible.

RECENT OMISSIONS.

PUBLIC DISPUTATION.

An uncommon spectacle has been witnessed in our city during the present week—a public debate between two clergymen on the subject of future punishment. The place of meeting was the Church in Lombard-street, and the cambatants were, the Rev. Mr. M'Cauley, a Presbyterian minister, from Kentucky, and the Rev. Mr. Kneeland, senior Pastor of the Universalists in this city. They commenced the disputation on Tuesday morning, and finished it last evening, meeting twice a day, and continuing the debate two or three hours at each meeting speaking alternately half an hour at a time.—Three clergymen acted as moderators, viz. the Rev. Wm. Hogan, the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, and the Rev. Mr. Moss. As Mr. M'Cauley is a very *able* man, and Mr. Kneeland a very *ingenious* man, the debate was conducted with considerable ability, and excited intense interest in the large congregations assembled to witness it. On some occasions a number of the spectators applauded the speakers, and on others gave them unequivocal marks of disapprobation. We were present for about half an hour on Wednesday, and came away with the impression that though public discussions of this kind may *excite* inquiry, they are not calculated to *satisfy* it.

Philadelphia Gazette, of 17th ult.

Casualty.—Seventeen laborers, who had been at work, during Wednesday last, on the dam just above this city, were returning at evening, from the west side of the river, in a boat. Just as they had crossed the main channel, a scow running against the boat capsized it, and four persons were drowned, viz. Edward Carrol, John Carrol, (brothers,) Michael Myers, and Denny Carrol. *Troy paper.*

John S. Smith, of Chatham, Columbia county, killed his son, aged 13, on Saturday night last, while in a state of intoxication.

Bishop Cheverus. We percieve by late accounts from France that this prelate had not been able to take possession of his diocess, the Council of State having suspended the registry of his bulls, considering him a foreigner. He has been naturalized in the U. States; the quality of French is thereby lost, and none but a Frenchman, according to the laws of the kingdom, can be a bishop in France. This objection, therefore, can, and probably will, be removed, by his taking the proper steps to recover his character as a Frenchman, declaring himself no longer a citizen of the U. States. *Sal. Gaz.*

Counterfeit five dollar bills of the New-Hampshire Union Bank, Portsmouth, and fives of the Bedford Commercial Bank, New-Bedford, have lately been put into circulation—both good imitations.

"*Curious Law.*"—Among the Acts passed at a recent session of the Connecticut Legislature, there is one entitled "An Act to correct certain mistakes in the *revised* statutes."

A Patriarch.—Michael Isprig, aged 71, and Barbara, his wife, aged 70, now living in Ohio, are the progenitors of a family, the numbers of which are, perhaps without parallel in the states; as the following statement will shew:

"They have had 17 children; of whom two died in infancy, and 14 were married; from these have proceeded 106 grand children, 12 of whom have married, and the number of their children amounts to 36.—So that they may be counted as follows:

Michael Isprig and his wife,	2
Their Children,	17
Grand children,	106
Great Grand children,	36
	161

To which add the number of persons to whom their children were married, 14, and the husbands or wives of their grand children, 12, and the aggregate is 187 persons."

THE OLIO.

A young gentleman weeping o'er a grave, to an inquiry replied (in substance) as follows.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

Ask'st thou, who sleeps beneath this grassy mound?
I will reply, though every word's a wound:
Fair innocence and *virtue* slumber here;
Virtue unrivalled made that virtue dear.
Could wealth reprieve, could pleading virtue save
One destin'd victim from the conquering grave,
B***** had lived, to bless a parent's care;
And I had hop'd, with them, her love to share.
Vain, sordid wish, for one who fondly thought
His happiness, with hers, but cheaply bought:
Yet when I saw her yielding up her breath,
And gently sinking in the arms of death,
As pure, as spotless, as when life was given,
I would have snatch'd her from the joys of Heav'n.
O! sacrilegious wish—vain, selfish heart:
And dar'd I grudge my God this better part?
But DEATH arrives; his fatal mandate brings
His order, signed by that great king of kings;
She yields, obedient to the sovereign call;
She dies, admired, beloved and mourned by all;
Like some fair flow'ret, crept in early bloom,
She droops her head, and withers to the tomb.
But *few* the flowers such brilliant tints disclose—
View her just *emblem* in the new-born Rose,
As fair, as fragrant, and as fragile too,
As opening buds, bedeck'd with early dew,
Whose spreading beauties greet the morning sun;
But fade, ere half his destin'd course is run—
Such was her form. But can we hope to find
As fitting emblem for her spotless mind?
Ah! no—'twere fruitless. Let us, then, forbear—
In Heaven she lives—*Seek, then, her emblem there.*

ELLEN.

THE CONTRAST.

How pleasant the morning! how fair and how bright!
The Earth strew'd with flowers, the senses delight;
My heart beats with rapture, while thus I'm abroad,
To hear silent nature proclaiming her God.

See yonder dark cloud portentous arise,
The bright forked lightnings are cleaving the skies.
Hark! hear the loud thunder, tho' distant it rolls,
Shake earth to its centre, and men to their souls!

The wind, hail and thunder, and lightning unite
In one scene of terror—how awful the sight!
All fraught with destruction, to earth they are hurl'd,
Like the last groans of nature, or crash of a world.

OXFORD POET.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

From the American Baptist Magazine.

ON THE PLEASURES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!"

"Sabbath and sanctuary privileges," are among the most valuable blessings which the christian enjoys. They cheer and animate his soul, and inspire him with fresh confidence and zeal.

How refreshing is the Sabbath to the weary christian, after a week of restless anxiety, toil, and labor! It relieves his mind from the cares and fatigues of the world, and he enjoys, for a season, uninterrupted peace and tranquility. Every earthly object is banished from his mind, and the glories of the eternal world rise in prospect before him! Auspicious day! "the best of all the seven." Thou art ever charming, ever lovely. I will welcome thy approach, and enter upon thy duties with joy and delight. Let the world spend this sacred day as they please, "as for me, I will devote it to the Lord." Gladly will I enter the courts of Zion and join in the worship of the Most High. Inestimable privilege! I would not exchange it for all the wealth and honor of which the world can boast. In this delightful service would I spend my days, and employ my latest breath. "A day spent in thy house," O Lord, "is better than a thousand" elsewhere.

But why am I so passionately fond of the Temple of the Lord? Why do I approach it with such feelings of holy joy, and leave it with so much reluctance? Is it from any principles of religion I possess? Or is it owing to the attachment to a beloved pastor, whose touching eloquence and vehement fervour

"Warms the passions, and proselytes the heart"

I see others, who are esteemed for their virtue and religion, manifesting almost a total indifference to the services of the house of God, and while I am sitting in "breathless silence," with a heart "burning within me," feasting upon the luxuries of an intellectual banquet, they remain dispassionate and unmoved, and perhaps either carelessly gazing upon the audience, or indulging in a quiet slumber.

FEMALE CHARACTER.

The Critics on the fair sex tell us they are vain, frivolous, ignorant, coquettish, capricious, and what not. Unjust that we are! It is the fable of the lion and the man—but since the ladies have become authors, they can take their revenge, were they not too generous to indulge the passion. Though they have learnt to paint their sketches of man are gentle and kind. But if the ladies were what surly misanthropes call them, who is to blame them? Is it not we who spoil, who corrupt, who seduce them? Is it not surprising that a pretty woman should be vain, when we daily praise to her face her charms—her taste—her wit? Can we blame her vanity, when we tell her that nothing can resist her attractions—that there is nothing so barbarous which she cannot soften—nothing so elevated that she cannot subdue?—when we tell her that her eyes are brighter than day—that her form is fairer than summer—more refreshing than spring—that her lips are vermilion—that her skin combines the whiteness of the lily with the carnation of the rose? Do we censure a fine woman as frivolous, when we unceasingly tell her that no other study becomes her but that of varying her pleasures—that she requires no talent but that of the arrangement of parties—no ideas beyond the thought of an afternoon's amusement? Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her that her hands were not made to touch the needle, or to soil their whiteness in domestic employments?—Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her the look of seriousness chases from her cheek the dimple, in which the loves and graces wanton—that reflection crowns her brow with care, and she who thinks, sacrifices the smile that makes beauty charm, and the gaiety that renders wit attractive? How can a pretty woman fail to be ignorant, when the first lesson she is taught, is, that beauty supercedes and dispenses with every other quality—that all she need to know is, that she is pretty—that to be intelligent is to be pedantic; and that, to be more learned than one's neighbor, is to incur the reproach of absurdity and affectation? Shall we blame her for being a coquette, when the indiscriminate flattery of every man teaches her that the homage of one is as good as that of another? It is the same darts, the same flames, the same beaux, the same coxcombs. The man of sense, when he attempts to compliment, recommends the art of beaux, since he condescends to do with awkwardness what the monkey can do with grace. With all, she is a goddess, and to her, all men are equally mortal. How can she prefer when there is no merit, or be constant when there is no superiority? Is she capricious? Can she be otherwise, when she hears the universe must be proud to wait on her commands—that the utmost of a lover's hopes is to be the humblest of her slaves—that to fulfil the least of her commands is the highest ambition of adorers? And are men so unjust as to censure the idols made by their own hands? Let us be just; let us begin the work of reformation; when men cease to flatter, women will cease to deceive; when men are wise, women will be wise to please. The ladies do not force the taste of men—they only adapt themselves to it. They may corrupt, and be corrupted—they may improve and be improved.

Marriage.—A Husband and a wife, who love and value each other, shew their children and servants how they should behave. Those who live in contention and despise each other, lose much of their authority, and teach their children to act unnaturally.

Proud Men never have substantial friends; neither in prosperity, because they know nobody—nor in adversity, because then nobody knows them. A man had beter be familiarly pleasant, on all occasions, than supercilious.

Feeling and Fortitude.—The man blessed with a feeling heart, yet deprived of a firm mind, like the precious, but pliant full eared corn, bends at every pressure, is the sport of every breath; the callous hearted man, whatever be his mental powers resembles the collossal marble column; we admire its strength and shape; but from its cold touch and shelterless capital, we turn to the leafy bower, and to the warm cottage. He alone is perfect in his nature, whose energies of mind are tempered with the softer feelings; he then receives uncorrupted, the sun of prosperity; and though often exposed to, is never borne down by the blasts of adverse fortune; he bears about him, for himself and others every flower that sweetens the path of life—every fruit that invigorates him cheerfully.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM THE TRENTON EMPORIUM.

THE BROKEN VOW;

A Village Tale.

"But let the world say what it will,
Though sorrows may a while intrude,
Fair wisdom's voice is faithful still,
Still, to be blest, is to be good."

"He will not come to-night," said Emma, as she looked out of her chamber window on the still and depopulated streets, and saw the dark rain clouds gathering in the sky; "he will not come to-night—it is past his hour—ah, he did not use to be so careful about the weather—but I will not indulge in disquietude—he has promised"—The word died upon her lips; she recollected the coldness—the tone of ambiguity, with which that promise had been repeated, when Theodore last visited her, and in a confused and embarressed manner, though with much parade of his regret and disappointment, assured her it would be impossible for him to conform to his engagement, and marry her at the time appointed. She remembered, how her heart sunk within her at the moment, and the strange, mysterious presentiment that crossed her mind. That then, for the first time, she thought how bitter a thing must be disappointed love—for the first time, felt the force of the remark, which she had so often heard,

"Men's vows are brittle things."

Still, the natural buoyancy of her spirits forbade her to despond. True he had broken his first engagement, but he had represented to her the imperious necessity of the measure, and she had acquiesced in it. True he had not fixed the more distant period; he had left the final hour indefinite, she could not believe him unfaithful; but she had his promise, she had his oath; she would not believe him unfaithful; she could not believe him perjured. At last after an absence of a week which seemed to her a year, he visited the house again; he once more mingled with the smiling family circle; he seemed the same he had always been, and she was happy. But he retired before the family: this cost her a night's rest; it was not his usual manner, and she wondered why, at this particular time, he should have so much more business than usual. Still, she endeavored to put the most favorable construction upon every thing; she strove to acquit him in her heart.

But love has eagle eyes, and, from their piercing vigilance, duplicity must be coupled with most consummate art, if she would avoid detection. Emma was caressed by a large circle of acquaintance, and Theodore was also a favorite; in parties they frequently came together, and there, when the spirits are up, and all reserve thrown off, the heart unmasks itself. There Theodore often forgot his caution, and, not only abated his usual display of partiality for Emma, but lavished his fondness on another. The generous girl forgave him until forgivness became a crime, committed against her own heart. She resolved to lead a more secluded life, and in prosecuting her resolve, she soon found ample evidence of what she most feared. His visits grew less and less frequent, until, at length they were discontinued altogether.

Woman-like in the deepest of her sorrows she retired, as it were, within herself, and secure in the confidence that not even her nearest relatives or friends knew any thing of her disappointment, she nursed her grief in secret, and put on a smile as sweet, if not as gay, before the world. But heroically as she played this new and deceptive part, her feelings gradually obtained the victory over her frame: she pined away, day after day; the paleness of departed health blanched her young cheek, and she roved in the stillness of the evening, among the tombs of her fathers in the church-yard, like a thin shadow of the past. None knew her grief, but he who was its cause; and he shuddered at the ruin he had made.

Her friends perceived with concern the rapid decay of her health, and as the family had some relative in Bermuda, they resolved to send her there. The voyage had a salutary effect; the change of scenes and circumstances; new friends and acquaintances, and the kindness she experienced in her new abode, dispelled much of the cherished gloom that pressed upon her heart, and added life to her almost inanimate frame. The glow of health gradually returned, and she shone in the maturity of her beauty, a star of no common lustre in the fashionable world of that delightful Island. A year had not elapsed, before the hand of one of the wealthiest merchants in the Island was offered her. He was all that the young maiden heart admires—generous, noble, and virtous; and of years suited to her own. She accepted it and became a happy wife.

Having left Philadelphia with the intention of returning, she now awaited anxiously for the opportunity; but a variety of causes prevented it, year after year, a beautiful family of boys and girls grew around her; her husband was deeply engaged in an extensive and lucrative business. And twelve years passed by before she was able to accomplish her wishes, in which time, she had never made an inquiry about, or once heard of her former lover. Now, Mr. Lefere retired from business, and proposed accompanying her, with her family, to America. They reached Philadelphia in safety, and walked up Walnut-street to the old family mansion. It remained unaltered; her father and her mother, the old servants, her former friends, who remained, all welcomed her to her ancient home. The shrubs she planted in the yard had grown up beautiful trees. Her name remained where she had engraven it, on the sash of her chamber, twelve years before, and she sat down by it—called back the recollections of by-past times, and wept—yet these were tears of mingled joy and sorrow.

Mr. Lefere took a fine establishment in Chesnut-street, and lived in splendid style. Emma used to ride out daily in an elegant carriage, with her infant family; and, as had long been her practice, she carefully sought out such objects of distress, as she deemed it would be charitable to relieve. One day, riding in the suburbs of the city, she saw a poor, half-clothed man, lying on the ground, and a tattered child crying bitterly by his side, to which he paid no attention. She directed the coachman to stop, and calling the man, inquired why he disregarded the child, and whose it was? 'It is my own,' said he, 'I came out, hoping to get a place for it in yonder house, and could not; it is almost starved, and I have not the means to procure food for myself or it.' She gave him a small sum and directed him to call at her house the next day. He received it with tears and promised compliance.

At the hour appointed, the poor man, with his helpless child, waited in the kitchen for the call of his benefactress. Mrs. Lefere sent for them into the breakfast room, as soon as the family had dispersed, and desired to know by what means he had brought himself to poverty and want. The man spoke out honestly. Intemperance, he said, was the great cause, but his troubles had driven him to that. 'I once saw better days,' said he, 'I was a partner in a mercantile concern—I married—I was deceived—the mother of this poor child, after involving me in ruinous debts, left me with a libertine, whose addresses she had long received; I drowned my sorrows, and sunk my character in habits of vice and intoxication. I have been twice imprisoned for crime—I am destitute of friends and employment.'

'And what is your name?' asked Emma.'

'Theodore W—,' he replied after a moment's hesitation. The kind lady turned pale and trembled; she gazed at him—she recognized in him the faithless Theodore.

'At last, then,' said she, affecting to be calm, '*you have learned to keep your promises*—you called at the time appointed—I will provide a place for yourself and child.

'Ah,' said he, 'you know me.—When you asked my name, I dared not tell you an untruth; but I hoped it had been forever blotted from your memory. I watched your fortunes—I rejoiced at your prosperity—I cursed my own folly, until I had exhausted all my powers. But broken vows come back to their author in the end and mine has ruined me forever.'

He covered his face and wept—She left him, and having consulted with Mr Lefere, procured him a situation in an honest occupation, and placed the child at school.

Thus was the maxim verified, "all is for the best to the innocent and the virtuous," and thus it is that vice works out its own reward at last.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

LEND ME YOUR PAPER IF YOU PLEASE;

Yes Sir, if you will return it soon, as I have not perused it.—Pleased or not pleased, perused or not perused, it must be lent, or I must be called a stingy fellow, and we who pay for the paper have no more good of it, than those who borrow. For my part, I hate to deny a neighbor the use of a newspaper, it is so trifling an accommodation, so trifling, that I should think every man of spirit, however poor in purse, might contrive to take one paper at least, for his information, especially if he has a family of children.

Printers must live on something else besides ink and paper, and while they *press for the people*, they ought not to be *pressed by the people*. I am sensible that a printing establishment must be an expensive and laborious undertaking, without the aid of a liberal subscription list; but if every subscriber lends his paper to six or eight borrowers, the Printer cannot have many *good* suscribers on his list. For my part I take an extra paper, which I send to a poor relation of mine in the country, and I think that a great many of us who can afford to take one paper, can afford two, then we can have the satisfaction of helping our printer, of lending a paper to a poor neighbor, and then sending it to a distant relation, and by this means much useful information may be diffused at the expense of smoking one or two cigars the less, per week, or of not filling our snuff boxes or wine glasses so often.

I have long been in the habit of filing my papers but found it very troublesome, while I was obliged to lend, therefore I though best to take an extra paper to accommodate my poor neighbors. By the bye, some of my poor neighbors are much better off than myself. I asked one of them the other day, why he dropped, (or stopped taking) the paper. Because said he, that communication run afoul of me, and I don't want any more of his papers? Ah, and why do you want to read mine? Because, I really want to see what they have got in to day that takes us off? Very well squire, then you like to see squibs; but don't like to pay for the powder. Now squire, I consider a newspaper as useful, as a livery stable, or a tavern. It is to accommodate the public, and if we don't get the worth of our money it is not the fault of the printer, the ostler or the tavern keeper. We are as much indebted to them for our fare, as they are to us for our encouragement, and I think a newspaper a very useful public accommodation, as much as any thing that comes between black and white, and if our thick skull cannot comprehend the true meaning of every paragraph or communication, without stepping the paper, why I think it would be cheaper for the Printer, not to enlist such soldiers into his columns, unless he has a strong reinforcement of *seasible* subscribers, who have independence and courage enough (with all their ingenuity) to stand the shock of newspaper bullet-ins.

"Honi soit, qui mal y pense."

DIAMOND.

ANECDOTES.

During the revolutionary war, two brothers, from one of the eastern ports, were commanders of privateers—they cruised together, and were eminently successful doing great damage to the enemy and making much money for themselves. One evening being in the latitude of the shoals of Nantucket, but many miles to the eastward of them, they spied a large British vessel, having the appearance of a merchantman, and made towards her; but to their astonishment, found her a frigate disguised. A very light breeze prevailing, they hauled off in different directions—one only could be pursued, and the frigate gained rapidly upon him. Finding he could not run away, the commanding officer had recourse to stratagem—on a sudden he hauled down every sail, and all hands employed with *setting poles*, as if shoving the vessel off a bank! The people on board the frigate were amazed at the supposed danger they had run, and to save themselves from being grounded, immediately clawed off, and left the more knowing yankee "to make himself scarce," as soon as the night rendered it prudent for him to hoist sail in a sea two hundred fathoms deep!

Among a variety of stratagems practiced in this part of the country to obtain titles to lands, was one which will be best explained by the following anecdote related by a respectable citizen of St. Genevieve. Preparatory to taking possession of Louisiana, in 1803, the legislature passed a law, authorizing a claim to one section of land, in favor of any person, who should have actually made improvements in any part of the same previous to the year 1804. Commissioners, were appointed to settle all claims of this description, more commonly known by the name of Improvement Rights. A person somewhere in the county of Cape Girardeau, being desirous of establishing a claim of this kind to a tract of land, adopted the following method.—The time having expired for the establishment of a right, agreeably to the spirit of the law, he took with him two witnesses to the favorite spot, on which he wished to establish his claim, and in their presence marked two trees, standing on opposite sides of a *spring*, one with the figures 1803, and the other 1804 and placed a stalk of growing corn in the spring. He then brought the witnesses before the commissioners, who, upon their declaration that they had seen corn growing at the place specified, in the *spring* between 1803 and 1804, admitted the claim of the applicant, and gave him a title to the land.

From Major Long's Narrative.

A religious society in Pennsylvania, some years ago, built a very elegant meeting-house, had it all completed, with the exception of a lightning rod. Soon after much damage was done in the neighborhood by lightning, when the proprietors became alarmed and called a meeting to hear the minds of each member. An elderly German who owned many shares, arose and addressed the assembly thus:—Shentlemans, weel pin tu crate tole draubles unt crate tele sponse to pilt a house for Cot Almytis unt eive hym to hym, now if Cot Almytis min to dunder on his own hous, unt purn him up, let him do so for den. *I schall not vote for de dunder rod.*

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."—*Shakspeare.*

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POETRY.

From "American Sketches"—by Thomas C. Upham.

It is related as a tradition, that one of the soldiers who fought at Lovell's Pond, in 1725, on being desperately wounded, crept into a birchen canoe, and in that condition was wafted to the other side, beyond the reach of the conflict; and the probability is, considering how few escaped to tell the issue of that day's sanguinary encounter, that his life and sufferings were ended beneath the wave.

[This is incorrect. The soldier, alluded to, whose name was *Kies*, being wounded in three places, hove himself into a birch canoe, and committed it to the mercy of the waves. He was drifted several miles towards the fort, and finally reached his home in safety.]—ED. OB.

THE BIRCHEN CANOE.

In their coffins the dead lie and slumber in clay,
But a birchen canoe yonder hastens away,
Which contains in its bosom, cold, lifeless, and red,
A soldier in battle, who struggled and bled.

Thou pale, bleeding soldier, thou white, birchen boat
Oh, whither, oh, whither, so far would ye float?
That soldier so crimson, when death had come nigh,
Laid down in that vessel to languish and die.

That birchen canoe, now he's dead, o'er the wave,
Is bearing his body to find it a grave;
And whither it hastens and where will be soon,
Is a cave wrought by fairies to shelter the moon.

That birchen canoe shall go down in the deep,
To find out a place, where a soldier might sleep,
And wreaths made of moonlight shall gladden his cell
And fairies by moonlight shall dance to his knell.

For a coffin, that boat shall recline o'er his breast,
And the murmurs of Lovell's pond sooth him to rest;
For a shroud o'er that soldier the green weeds shall bloom,
And fairies by moonlight shall dance round his tomb.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SINGULAR TALE.

We are about to indulge our readers with a very singular, but a very true relation of an affair, which happened some years since in one of the French provinces.

A man of fashion and wealth paid his addresses to a young lady of beauty, rank, and distinguished merit. As there was a parity in years, in fortune, and in situation, the lady received her gallant with the customary condescension females seldom withold from those whom they are taught to pronounce upon an equality with themselves. The parents of the young lady, however, from some motive, disapproved of the match. The gentleman pleaded, but in vain; and finding it impossible to overcome the *aged obstinacy* of the parents, he resolved to solicit his charmer's consent to enter into the holy bands of matrimony, without any farther consultation with the parents, who seemed resolutely to persist in denial.—Having fully explained himself on this head, the young lady after recovering from the confusion, which on these occasions is visible among the virgin fair, consented to become his wife. They were wedded, and the marriage kept a profound secret.

It happened after a few years had elapsed, that the husband was obliged to leave his lovely bride, being called into a foreign country in orded to adjust some affairs which required his immediate presence. The necessity was no less urgent than disagreeable to both parties; however they permitted their good sense to opperate, and after vowing mutual affection and fidelity, parted in certain expectation of seeing each other, at a time when such an alteration should take place as might afford them an opportunity of living in a manner every way becoming a virtuous and happy wedded pair.

For some time they corresponded; but the husband being obliged to cross several tempestuous seas, did not receive such frequent answers to his epistles as he had reason to expect. This he attributed to a distance of climate, rendering a regular correspondence altogether impractible, and as he imagined his letters had miscarried, he resolved for the present to desist from writing, not relishing to have his sentiments canvassed over by indifferent strangers, or perhaps captious enemies. Another reason which induced him to lay aside for the present all thoughts of continuing an epistolary correspondence, was the prospect he had of shortly returning to France, where the presence of his amiable consort would infinately exceed all ideal interviews, and make ample amends for all the pangs his heart had undergone. It is now time that we should return to his lady.

As she possessed a considerable share of youth and beauty, it is not supposed that she could remain without a train of admirers. Her parents who never dreamed about their daughter's previous marriage, became more anxious to select a person whose mental and personal endowments, might, in their own estimation, render him worthy of their favorite daughter's hand and heart.

Several years had now rolled on, without the lady's hearing a syllable from her real husband. At length the fatal news arrived that he was no more.

The lady was inconsolable—but she found it prudent to stifle her griefs, that she might not excite the smallest degree of suspicion. When she had paid every tribute consistent with reflection to the memory of her departed lord, a gentleman was proposed by her parents for her aprobation, and the good old people were so prejudiced in favor of the person whom they had chosen, they gave the daughter to understand that their happiness depended on her compliance.

The young lady, who thought herself entirely at liberty, to commit a second trespass upon Hymen, after some little hesitation consented. The nuptials were celebrated; the lady if not happy, was placid, and serenely content—the parents were delighted the bridegroom was enraptured, all were jocund, and all were sprightly. For four years this newly married couple lived in complete harmony, but at length an interminating fever seized the lady; the physicians were baffled, and she to all appearance paid the debt due to nature.—She was buried with pomp, and all reverence shown to her memory the custom of the country would admit of.

During her illness, her former husband whom we left abroad, had returned, and after making the necessary inquiries, was informed of every circumstance we have related above.

As he was unwilling to surprise her while she was cambatted with sickness, he had employed a trusty person to make him acquainted with each particular of her case—and the very moment the news of her death reached his ear, he was seized with a frantic wildness within his soul, and he resolved to receive no sustenance, but to bury himself among the the mould which lay lightly on her breast, and thus pine out the remaining period of his existence.

Full of this resolution he repaired the night she was buried, to her tomb and after digging up the earth, discovered her coffin, fetched a deep sigh, and was about to streach his wearied limbs, when to his consternation, astonishment, and affright, he perceived signs of life. He tore open the coffin, and found, it even as he suspected. His wife was almost suffocated. He snatched her up in his arms, conveyed her to the house of a neighbor, had her put into a warm bed, and in a few weeks she was perfectly restored to life and tolerable health.

As she had a real affection for her first husband, she made no scruple in choosing him for her companinon—but as the affair soon made a prodigious noise throughout the country, the second husband, who also doated on her to distraction, no sooner was informed of the particulars, than he attempted to force her to live with him. The prior claimant as resolutely persisted in keeping her to himself. In short a law suit was commenced, and the most learned advocates in France were employed; a redundancy of erudition was displayed, and after being liturgated for a length of time, a solemn decision was made in favor of the former husband.

The story has so much the air of fable and romance, that to leave an impression of its truth on the minds of our readers, it is necessary to inform them that the French lawyers have selected all the famous trials with the decisions that have been given in their courts for a series of years.

This work which is contained in several folio volumes, is entitled "Les Causes Celebres." The above very extraordinary relation is recited therein, together with all the subtle and ingenious arguments used by the opposite advocates for the different husbands. So there can be but little doubt of the truth of the narrative so expressly and well authenticated.

DR. CARTER.—Dr. Ezra Carter, a celebrated physician of New Concord, who died in 1767, was once called to visit a sick family, in Bow, whose sufferings were increased by their extreme poverty. They were a long time sick—the Dr. was constant in his visits, and his bill of considerable amount. On the recovery of the family, the honest man and his wife, were in new distress about paying the bill of their faithful physician. "How" said he to the Doctor, "am I to pay you for all your kindness? You see here a large family destitute of every thing but the bare necessaries of life." "I have been faithful to you," said the doctor," "and am justly entitled to your reward." "You have been kind and faithful, Doctor," said the trembling wife," and are justly entitled to your reward; but do wait a little—we can't pay you now." I can inform you, my good friends," replied the inexorable physician. "that I am *knowing* to your having property enough to satisfy my demands—and, moreover, I shall have it before I leave the house." The poor man and his wife, were thunderstruck—they had heard that the Doctor was a kind-hearted and benevolent man, which rendered his reply the more surprising and distressing to them. At this a flock of kittens scampered across the floor—the Doctor caught one of them, and put it in his pocket, and said—"I told you I should have my pay before I left your house—I have got it. Good bye—God bless you."

Before his death, this good man looked over his accounts, and filled out receipts in full, of all them, which were against poor persons, and left directions with his executors to deliver them to those concerned, immediately after his death. His orders were obeyed.

Abridged from Moor's Annals.

A SHORT SERMON.

"*And the herd ran violently down a steep place.*"

1st. It was a herd of swine.

2d. It seems they ran violently.

3dly. They ran down a steep place.

And what was the matter with these swine? Why, the devil was in them. But why did they run violently? Because the devil urged them on. And why did they run down a steep place? because it was a devlish trick.

It seems by the history there was a legion of devils. But where did they come from? They were cast out of one man. What! a legion of devils in one man? Yes my hearers, mankind are *full* of the devil.

Improvement.—1st. Mankind act very swinishly. They are all running, and running violently; and not only so, but they are running down a very steep place.

2dly. The devil helps them on as fast as possible.

3dly. They will go to destruction unless the devil is cast out of them.

Reputation.—There are two modes of establishing our reputation: to be praised by honest men, to be abused by rogues. It is best however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter. His calumniation is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can confer upou us, but it is the only service he will perform for nothing.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

HARVESTING. Wheat and rye should be cut as soon as the straw has all turned excepting at the joints, of yellowish hues. The kernel should be so hard that you can't mash it between your thumb and finger. If on twisting the straw below the ear no juice can be forced out, you may conclude that it is high time to cut it. If the weather is fine, and you make small sheaves, and shock in the field you may as well bind your grain as you proceed with the reaping; that is reap across the field, go back in the same track, and take up and bind what you have just reaped. If the stalk, however, is stout, and the ear full and heavy, let your grain be exposed to sunshine till the latter part of the day. If your mows are large, the grain will need the more curing. It is best to put grain on scaffolds at some distance from the ground, in which position it will be much less liable to mould or sustain injury from dampness than if it were placed in a barn, in such a manner that there can be no circulation of air beneath it. Avoid cutting grain when it is wet, and if you suspect it is not so dry as it should be, bind the sheaves loosely near the ears, set them up singly and spread out the *butts* or lower ends of the sheaves, so as to admit the air to pervade every part. *N. E. Farmer.*

ECONOMY.—Men are very ready to join in the complaint of "Hard Times;" but, after all, there are *some advantages* resulting from this state of things which it might be well to consider. It affords subjects of conversation and reflection—sets our wits at work to devise—calls our energies into action—and furnishes *excuses* for many things that we *do*, and some that we *neglect* to do.

An old customer of ours accosted us the other day with, "Well, Mr. Printer, the *times are so hard*, I believe I shall have to *stop the papers.* —No cash stirring—grain goes for nothing—must"—(pulling out his tobacco-box, and taking a *comfortable quid*) "lop off superfluities." "*Superfluities!* (replied we)—break your *rum-bottle*, and throw away your *tobacco-box!*" "What! (retorted he with some spirit)—Hope I can afford myself a glass of bitters occasionally, and a quid of tobacco yet, and always shall!" "So, then, you are not willing to dispense with these indulgences, be the times ever so hard; but would make yourself *ignorant* for *fear of poverty*, and deprive your family of a cheap source of amusement and instruction, that they may appear, in the view of their neighbors, vicious or debased, which is worse than being impoverished! *Such economy*, friend, might answer for *slaves*, but wo'nt do for *freemen.*" "Well, well, there's some truth in that—Here's fifty cents—I must take the papers, but—*can't throw away my tobacco!*" *Ithica (N. Y.) Journal.*

Cure for the Cholera Morbus. After burning a cork thoroughly, pour on it a tea spoonful of brandy, then mash it well with loaf sugar and a little nutmeg or essence of peppermint and water. This is a safe recipe which has almost invariably been efficacious, in curing the cholera morbus and bilious cholic.—*B. Pat.*

Tooth Ache. This afflicting disorder can be immediately relieved, by holding in the mouth a mixture of salt, vinegar and spirits, in the proportion of a table spoonful of spirit, the same quantity of sharp vinegar, and a tea spoonful of salt.

Sick Head Ache.—To remove an attack of the sick head ache, a correspondent in one of the monthly journals, recommends the patient to take a "spoonfull of ginger mixed with a lump of sugar, in a tumbler three parts full of water, with chill off; to sit, for quarter of an hour, with his feet in water agreeably warm and to apply a napkin wrung out with cold water to the temples or forehead whichever appears the most affected.

Valuable information for Smiths.—Under this head we last week published an article relative to a new method of welding cast steel and iron, by the aid of borax, sal ammoniac and unslaked lime. An intelligent smith has informed us that he has been in the habit of using borax alone to weld cast steel, for a great number of years, and that the discovery was made by a person who lived in the neighborhood of Springfield, Mass. soon after the Revolutionary war; by this it would seem that we have the start of the English considerably.—*Hud. Whig.*

To destroy worms in fruit trees.—Take a half inch auger or bit, and bore to the centre of every tree; then by means of a paper tube, fill the hole with *Sulphur*, crowding it in with a ramrod; then, cut off a green limb from the same tree, and plug the hole. It will not require more than two spoonfuls of sulphur for each tree, and in forty-eight hours the worms will leave the remotest branches. The process will also be beneficial for young fruit tress, even when not troubled with worms; it renders them more thrifty. This process has been found infallible.

RECENT OMISSIONS.

PUBLIC DISPUTATION.

An uncommon spectacle has been witnessed in our city during the present week—a public debate between two clergymen on the subject of future punishment. The place of meeting was the Church in Lombard-street, and the cambatants were, the Rev. Mr. M'Cauley, a Presbyterian minister, from Kentucky, and the Rev. Mr. Kneeland, senior Pastor of the Universalists in this city. They commenced the disputation on Tuesday morning, and finished it last evening, meeting twice a day, and continuing the debate two or three hours at each meeting speaking alternately half an hour at a time.—Three clergymen acted as moderators, viz. the Rev. Wm. Hogan, the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, and the Rev. Mr. Moss. As Mr. M'Cauley is a very *able* man, and Mr. Kneeland a very *ingenious* man, the debate was conducted with considerable ability, and excited intense interest in the large congregations assembled to witness it. On some occasions a number of the spectators applauded the speakers, and on others gave them unequivocal marks of disapprobation. We were present for about half an hour on Wednesday, and came away with the impression that though public discussions of this kind may *excite* inquiry, they are not calculated to *satisfy* it.

Philadelphia Gazette, of 17th ult.

Casualty.—Seventeen laborers, who had been at work, during Wednesday last, on the dam just above this city, were returning at evening, from the west side of the river, in a boat. Just as they had crossed the main channel, a scow running against the boat capsized it, and four persons were drowned, viz. Edward Carrol, John Carrol, (brothers,) Michael Myers, and Dennis Carrol. *Troy paper.*

John S. Smith, of Chatham, Columbia county, killed his son, aged 13, on Saturday night last, while in a state of intoxication.

Bishop Cheverus. We percieve by late accounts from France that this prelate had not been able to take possession of his diocess, the Council of State having suspended the registry of his bulls, considering him a foreigner. He has been naturalized in the U. States; the quality of French is thereby lost, and none but a Frenchman, according to the laws of the kingdom, can be a bishop in France. This objection, therefore, can, and probably will, be removed, by his taking the proper steps to recover his character as a Frenchman, declaring himself no longer a citizen of the U. States. *Sal. Gaz.*

Counterfeit five dollar bills of the New-Hampshire Union Bank, Portsmouth, and fives of the Bedford Commercial Bank, New-Bedford, have lately been put into circulation—both good imitations.

"*Curious Law.*"—Among the Acts passed at a recent session of the Connecticut Legislature, there is one entitled "An Act to correct certain mistakes in the *revised* statutes."

A Patriarch.—Michael Isprig, aged 71, and Barbara, his wife, aged 70, now living in Ohio, are the progenitors of a family, the numbers of which are, perhaps without parallel in the states; as the following statement will shew:

"They have had 17 children; of whom two died in infancy, and 14 were married; from these have proceeded 106 grand children, 12 of whom have married, and the number of their children amounts to 36.—So that they may be counted as follows:

Michael Isprig and his wife,	2
Their Children,	17
Grand children,	106
Great Grand children,	36
	161

To which add the number of persons to whom their children were married, 14, and the husbands or wives of their grand children, 12, and the aggregate is 187 persons."

OBSERVER.

PARIS, THURSDAY MORN. AUGUST 12, 1824.

RETROSPECT.

In taking a general view of the political and moral world, we find nothing in a particular manner to arrest our attention. We, as a nation, are blessed with "peace and plenty" and if not "sitting under our own vines and fig trees" our forests afford us a shade from a meridian sun, while our fields yield us most of the necessaries, and many of the luxuries of life, and if there ever was a time, when that "No news is the the best news" was an appropriate saying, it would be emphatically so now. For there is nothing in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America which is of a very interesting character—there is nothing on the seas, lakes or rivers—nothing on the mountains or in the vallies, to excite attention, on a general view. There are no serious Earthquakes to make us tremble—no comets to wake up our fears—no spots on the sun for us to *guess* at the cause, or *predict* the effect—no extraordinary appearance "in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath." In Europe they have housed their cannon, and "hung their swords to rust in the hall," and a listless apathy, seems to pervade the larger part of its inhabitants, as to the "pursuits of war." The Holy Alliance cannot find even a decent pretext for coming together *this* year, and have wisely concluded to remain "at home." The Greeks are moderately securing their liberty and independence: And, at this time, there is not much risk in predicting their final success. In Asia, christianity is marching with a slow, but firm step, and we feel confident, that its ultimate triumph over ignorance and superstition cannot be doubted. The condition of Africa is improving—the market for slaves is growing poor, and this, together with the philanthrophic exertions made by several nations, we hope will eventually put an end to that disgraceful commerce.

THE SEASON

Has been very good for crops of hay, considering the unprecedented drought we experienced last year; and the weather for getting hay has been good. Perhaps our farmers never had more *good hay* in their barns, than they have this year. Grain is much better than it has been for several years—Winter rye is remarkably good and ripened early; spring rye and wheat bids fair to produce an abundant harvest. Corn is rather backward, yet should we be favored with a warm fall, we should have very good crops. Surely, the heart of the husbandman must dilate with gratitude to the Author of all good, when he walks into his pastures and beholds his flocks and herds feeding around him, while fields of yellow grain wave so beautifully to the breeze, and all nature appears in gaiety, and that man must be almost lost to feeling, who does not raise in his heart a song of praise to the Creator of the universe for all these blessings.

FAVOR REQUESTED.

We would just inquire of the Editor of the "*Eastport Sentinel*" how he came by his information, that the Oxford Observer "was established to assist Messrs. *Holmes & Co.* to redeem the pledge it is said was made, that the votes of *Maine* should be given to the Treasury candidate?" We should really consider it a kindness in him to inform us, as such a "piece of news" as that, *if correct*, would be more than we, or any of our readers now *know*. He would still further oblige us, if he will tell us how that the "*Somerset Journal*" supports Mr. Crawford, when it carries the nomination of J. Q. Adams for President, and Messrs. Fillebrown and Campbell for electors at large in this State?

A convention, for Cumberland County, friendly to the election of *Mr. Adams* for next President, meets at North-Yarmouth, this day.

We had just mended our quill, in order to give to our readers the advantages of a paper conducted on fair and open principles, without being bound to support this or that man for (the next President or any other) office, any farther than he, by his conduct, merits it, when we received the following communication from an esteemed correspondent, which is so much better than we could write, we lay it before our readers, hoping that they will duly appreciate the arguments used, and give them a candid consideration.

Mr. Observer—I am much pleased with the course which you have adopted in regard to the Presidential election. It is in fact the only one that is conformable to truth and the fundamental principles of our free government. It is the only justifiable ground that can be taken by any public journal in conducting any controversy whatever, notwithstanding so few adopt it; a circumstance much to be regretted. Were the arguments which are advanced to support each side of a case, equally accessible to all, it might be well enough for political questions to be advocated by our various newspapers as they now are, each one attaching itself to that party which it supposes nearest the truth, and confining its support alone to that side. In such case, we, the people, sitting as auditors, should have the whole truth before us, and be able to form correct conclusions.—But this unfortunately is not the case. There is not, it is confidently believed, one person out of twenty who takes a newspaper that takes more than one; and in that one he gathers information only on one side of every important question before the public. This is his sole fountain of instruction, and from this he draws all his conclusions. It follows of course that many of those conclusions are erroneous. Nor is it possible, in the nature of things, that they should be otherwise. While sitting in a Court of law, and hearing an argument to a jury, if we should see one of that jury, after having heard the counsel for one party, close his eyes and recline to sleep, as if saying to himself; my mind is made up and cannot be altered—we should readily conclude that this juror was well deserving of dismissal from his seat, as unworthy of the place, and dangerous to be trusted in it. Yet, alas! how many thousands of our free, independent and enlightened citizens act on no better grounds than this juror. The error is not confined to any particular department. It runs through all our political, civil, and religious controversies. This is perhaps the more to be regretted from the remedy being so accessible. It is as attainable to us as to the juror who had but to open his eyes, his ears and his understanding, and receive the whole truth as as it should be laid before him. Perhaps, however, the analogy is here drawn too close. The evidence is not so gratuitously exhibited to us as to the juror. We must make some exertions to obtain it. But it is always within our reach. We should not confine our reading to the evidence or the argument on one side of any set of opinions or doctrines, nor pin our faith on the opinion of any set of men. We should not confine our newspaper reading to one party, neglecting the other. From this error arises most of our political troubles. A remedy might be found for this in a paper conducted on the impartial and liberal ground which I conclude you have adopted. We, of the middling interest, cannot afford the expense of taking several papers at the same time. If we can have one in which we can find the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, I am inclined to think that most of us shall discontinue the paper we now take and subscribe for yours.

When I began this little bit of a letter I did intend to say something on the subject of the next President, but as most newspaper readers do not relish a long talk, and as I do not like to make one, I will defer that matter till I have another half hour to write you.

Yours, &c. YEOMAN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A communication, signed "Turner," has been received. It shall appear next week.

"Veritas" will appear soon.

"Viator" must accept our thanks for his favors. They shall appear, as soon as possible.

"Orthona" is entitled to our acknowledgments, for her poetical favors, and a continuance is solicited.

"Selim" may be assured, that *such* favors as he has given us, shall not pass unnoticed, and he now has our thanks, and we hope he will continue his assistance.

The communications of "Cit" are under consideration, and he is informed, that we *cannot* publish any articles which impeach the *motives* of societies or individuals, unless they are accompanied by the *real* name of the writer. In every case we *expect* to preserve "secrecy," but we ought to be acquainted with the responsibility of our authors.

POLEMICAL.

For the Oxford Observer.

OXFORD CONVENTION.....ONCE MORE.

Mr. Observer: Having seen in your last paper a statement by Thomas Crocker, R. K. Goodenow, E. L. Hamlin, and T. Webster, Esquires, of some of the proceedings of the Oxford Convention, and believing them to be mistaken in all important particulars, I have deemed it unadvisable to submit any further facts, as I and others know them to be. I will request your indulgence, however, to publish one short certificate, which is hereto subjoined. I could procure two more to corroborate my former statement, from the only persons I have seen since the Convention met, who were present; but I consider it unnecessary; nor do I wish to trouble gentlemen with a request for their names to be made public in a collision of a personal nature, like the present. One of these gentlemen is of high standing in the County as a County officer, and both are of elevated character for integrity. It may be proper, however, for me to state that one of them is doubtful whether there were nine or ten affirmatives on passing the well known resolve. If Mr. Crocker counted but six hands up at this time, why did he not detect the error when it was declared from the chair that there were ten? What said his constituents when he reported to them the circumstance? Did they say that he had faithfully executed his delegated trust. If there were but six, surely it would have been worthy of an attempt to effect a different result. If such was the vote, there must have been a possibility, nay, a very strong probability that the majority would have been, by a little exertion, the other way. Why, then, was not Mr. C. attentive to his duty? Why were not even his coadjuters, who it seems were so attentive spectators, kind enough to give this gentleman a hint? Why indeed were not any of these gentlemen kind enough to notify me of my mistake? And what *is* quite as remarkable, why did it so happen that during a constant intercourse in Court for the remainder of the week, not a word was said of this circumstance. I had never a suspicion that the statement was doubted till I saw it in a public newspaper.

There is another light in which the statement of this little junta is to be viewed, that must necessarily cast a shadow over it, "and I hazard nothing in saying that others" will view it as a satire on the Convention and on the County. They say that but about half the members of the Convention voted at all on the resolve nominating electors at large. Can it be believed that nearly one half of the delegates of any Convention from the town of this County, appointed for a particular purpose, could not at the very moment of action form any conclusion how to act on the very duty assigned them? A duty plain as the alphabet and well known at the time of their appointment. The reputation of this County for intelligence and decision of character cannot receive such a stain; and although cast upon it, it cannot rest there.

In short, with all the charity that I can exercise, and considering all circumstances, some of which time will not now permit me to mention, together with the record made at the moment and my own distinct recollection, establish me in the belief that these gentlemen are strangely mistaken. And is there not some evidence from this affair, that the members of this little bit of a Holy Alliance have been so indiscreet as to manufacture their indistinct and confused reminiscences into something which they might hope would have an electioneering effect. Mr. Crocker and I are unfortunate in my inferences as in my facts. This is readily granted; and I cannot but think that in his facts and his inferences he and his friends are equally fortunate. They have volunteered in a case which, in fact, is of minor importance, and the only effect of success on their part, would be to endanger the reputation of one or two individuals. Happily for them, they will have the consolation, in some cool and calmer moments of reflection, to find that their indiscretion has done no essential injury, unless it be to themselves. It is said the statement is not made from motives of hostility to me or other persons. This puts me in mind of the story of the Maniac's attempting to persuade a person to let him cut his throat. O! my dear friend, said he, 'tis only taking a little blood and wont hurt you.

Having stated that gentlemen who voted for Judge Chandler, did it on the assurance that he was decided for Mr. Adams, Mr. C. says "on what authority Mr. B. makes this *round* assertion is *perhaps* known to himself." I can answer this by saying that the authority is not only *perhaps*, but certainly known to me, and may be known to Mr. C. and his friends by inquiring of Nathaniel How, Esq.—and this assertion is again repeated—and the gentlemen may take it, round as it is, and square it to their own liking. For myself I prefer to have but one side to my statement, principles and opinions, and a full round side is the best of all sides. We have all a right to change our opinions, and I hope in charity to Mr. C. that he has forgotten the exact time of his change.

The more important part of the communication remains to be answered. It is therein stated that Judge Chandler has frequently said that he should be perfectly satisfied with either Mr. Adams or Mr. Crawford for President—that he believed it would be the true policy of this State as to those two candidates to go with the majority of the nation—that he would not pledge himself to vote for any particular candidate, but would hold himself at liberty to vote according to circumstances; and for these reasons, Mr. C. voted for him. It can be readily seen by any person who is in the habit of reading the Eastern Argus that the language used in this paragraph of the communication is the exact language which that paper used at the commencement of the electioneering campaign. This is one reason why it cannot be the language of Judge C. It can also as readily be perceived that the sentiments therein contained emanate from principles abhorrent to those of our free government—Principles that had their origin in the time of the first Kings of Egypt; that were adopted by all the tyrants of the ancient world; that shone conspicuous in the dark ages, upholding all the potentates of the earth since that time—Principles that George the III. contended with blood and treasure to support, and which the Holy Alliance are now entrenching with all the artillery of power and all the agency of corruption, and which have finally descended to illuminate the mind of the little triad that directs the pen of Mr. Crocker. The principle that one man must submit his political rights to the control of another.

Applying this principle to the subject before us, it amounts to this: that Maine, instead of standing forth in manly attitude, proclaiming her opinion and intention, must first learn the wishes of other States, and then be guided by them. Is Maine then but a tag-lock to the nation? a bob to the kite to move which way it shall be directed? Setting aside the idea of relinquishment of rights, what an absurdity does this notion exhibit. If it be correct for one State to "go with the nation," it is right for all.—Who then shall take the lead? or how shall we keep the leader in view. The Electors all meet in one day. How shall Maine know what Georgia will do? How will Virginia know what Massachusetts will do? I should think these gentlemen would say that let Maine adjourn to make inquiry from Georgia—but behold Georgia has adjourned to hear from Maine.—But further—suppose that all these things could be foreknown and that without Maine there should be a small majority for A. yet by giving the Maine votes to B. the majority would be for him. Now how could the Electors of Maine act in such case? By giving their votes to A. they would swell his majority, and it would be what I should call "going with the nation;" for as they would of course have no opinion of their own, the majority would of course be for A. But it, on the contrary, they, regardless of the views of other States, take care to be governed by the merits of the candidate, and vote independently, they would most probably, in such case, decide the election in favor of the fittest man. For my part, as an independent citizen of Maine, I have no very strong desire to see her Electors stand with their fingers in their mouths, waiting the word of command from Virginia, New-York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts or any other State.

Much has been written on the right of Representatives, while officiating in that capacity. Some contend that they have discretionary powers. Others that they have none, but are bound, in all cases, by the will of their constituents. The balance of opinion seems to incline to the latter side, and Mr. Adams was probably of this way of thinking when he resigned his place in the Senate of the United States. But however this may be in regard to a Representative, it is certain that an Elector is bound by the Views of his constituents altogether. He has but one single act to do and in that he must be governed by the wishes of those who delegated him. When, therefore, he suffers himself to be a candidate for such an office, he will let his views be known that the people may safely place their reliance on him. In the present election the people will have their minds made up at the time of voting. They will in this State probably be decided for *Mr. Adams* or *Mr. Crawford*, and they have a right to have the full influence of their votes, and each district is to have their own peculiar wishes gratified. This was the intention of the Legislature in fixing on the mode of choosing Electors—the only mode consonant with the rights of the people. The Elector of this district will be guided by the views of the people of the district, notwithstanding all the State beside think otherwise. We do not wish to vote for an Elector who may vote for *Mr. A.* or *Mr. C.* "according to circumstances," when we can vote for one who will vote certainly for *Mr. A.* or *Mr. C.* as we direct him.

Taking all these things into consideration and knowing as I do, the character of Judge Chandler to be of the purest nature, I cannot but believe that *Mr. Crocker* is mistaken in his representation of the Judge's views on this subject. And what further convinces me that I am correct is that the Judge, on the day succeeding the evening of the Convention, did give a gentleman of this town to understand that he was decided for *Mr. Adams*, and as for *Mr. Crawford*, he stated expressly that no christian nation could be justified in elevating him to the Chief Magistracy. SAMUEL F. BROWN.

"Samuel F. Brown, Esq.—*Sir:* I have noticed your statement relating to the County Convention holden at Paris in June last, which statement, so far as it relates to facts, is true according to my clear and distinct recollection. LEVI HUBBARD."

MARRIED.

In Turner, by Rev. Mr. Greely, *William King Porter* to *Miss Sophronia Clarke*.

In Saugerville, *Mr. Reuben Ordway*, to *Miss Harriet Record*; *Mr. Issachar Thissel* to *Miss Lydia Davey*.

In Foxcroft, *Capt. Salmon Holmes*, to *Miss Abigail Blake*, both of that place.

At Greenfield, *Mass.* on Tuesday morning last, in St. James Church, by the Rev. Dr. Strong, *Mr. Benjamin H. Norton*, Editor of the Hartford Times, to *Miss Augusta Ware*, of Boston.

DIED.

In Newry, July 11th, *Mr. Jonathan Barker*, aged 70 years. He was a soldier of the Revolution and had been in most of the important battles of that period.

In Pembroke, July 23, *Mr. Simon Knowles*, aged 77.

In Stockton, Cattaraque, N.Y. on the 6th inst. Rev. Ebenezer Smith, in the 90th year of his age. For more than 70 of the last years of his life he was engaged as a Baptist Minister, preaching the Gospel of the kingdom of God; during all which time his moral and religious character has been such as to entitle him to the confidence and respect of the good and virtuous. He was in early life, Minister in the town of Ashfield, Mass. He has now a son and a grandson, both Ministers in Massachusetts, who were educated at the College in Providence, R. I.

REFLECTOR.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF MAN.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summit would'st thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in high estate;
Dangers, eagles pinions, hold,
Soar around each cliffy hold. *Burns.*

Man, in his sojourn in this "vale of tears" may be compared to the traveller who ascends the stupendous mountain of the torrid zone. He thinks he prepares himself against every inconvenience, and sets forward on his perilous journey, his imagination glowing with every delightful vision, and his mind fired with the glories before him. Believing no obstruction could materially retard his progress, he sees no impediment in his path but those his strength can overcome, and imagines no thorns or brambles, whose points can wound, or whose thicket is impenetrable. The rocks that overhang and threaten his passage are lost in the obscurity and mist that surrounded them, and there appears nothing but its flowery base and the freshness of its green sides, to allure his footsteps and lead him to higher and stupendous regions. As he proceeds, he finds the grass mossy, the weather moderate, it is balmy; it pleases—but has not power to arrest his progress, nor satisfy his dreams of its beauties; it only excites more extravagant visions of grandeur, and he quickly passes on, scarcely conscious that his path was unobstructed by a single difficulty. Higher up, he finds the air colder and the earth more barren; he strains his eye to discover what his imagination has pictured, and now and then perceives a little valley of surprising verdure, caused by the reflected heat of the sun collected in a narrow spot of the surrounding heights. He proceeds on his journey, neither appalled by the prospect before him, nor content with scenes he has viewed.

At length he is surrounded by frightful precipices, whose dark and bold visages impress gloom and dread; he finds lakes of immense depths, whose bosoms blackened by the rocks that hang over them, seem ready to engulf him; but he perceives the young and limpid streams which they form; tastes the cool refreshing springs which derive their source from them, and still encouraged and beguiled, mounts upward. Near the summit, he finds vegitation scarcely perceptible; here and there a few plants of the most hardy kind appear; the air intolerably cold, the earth wearing a covering of ice, and the snow continually accumulating. From the experience of his journey, he has acquired fortitude and perseverance; but its length gradually steals from him the power of motion, sometimes prostrating him with fatigue, and sometimes rendering him useless from weariness. At length, however, he gains the summit, and finds a last scene before him, when his exhausted frame is obliged to yield. He feels a purer and more serene region, but when vegetation has entirely ceased, he views the precipices that hung about him; perceives all the combat of the elements, clouds curling their vapoury forms, light and transparent, dark and impenetrable, lightning darting around, and a thousand meteors, which are never seen in the plains, present themselves. Circular rain-bows, mock suns, the shadow of the mountain projected on the body of the air and his own image reflected as in a mirror, on the opposite clouds.—This he perceives is the end—which is illusion, and in grasping for something substantial to enrich his journey, he finds all by which he is surrounded the effect of glittering shadows, and changing into ten thousand forms by their flitterings. Reduced by his exertions, and exhausted by fatigue, he lays himself down to dissipate weariness, and wisely contemplate how he can make the descent more easy.

Thus is the pilgrimage of man: youth is the season when every thing is gay and bright before him, when pleasures and joys shed their inspiring influence; hopes and feelings are sanguine and enthusiastic, and the imagination is deceived by its own fair gilding. Every thing appears unclouded and blooming before him. But the real joys of his condition are slighted for the gay anticipations of a fickle nature; he neglects to prize what he already possesses pure and unalloyed, for the pursuit of that which dazzles at a distance through the beams of falls glory. The path is mossy, the sky unruffled, but he skips along unconscious of the softness of the one or the mildness of the other. Fame sounds her treacherous notes to hurry him onward, and he leaves his youthful stage to breathe the colder air of manhood. In that he finds ardour and enthusiasm dissipating, objects appear less inviting and less pleasing. He encounters difficulties, vexations, and trials; the right-heartedness of youth is departing, and he finds all its fairy visions illusive and deceiving; yet fortune, with her wild caprices on hand, scatters some brilliant favors upon him, and the gay triumph renew and renovate his nature; hope and ambition are again in motion, and revive his powers and energies; new schemes press him to motion and exertion. He struggles through perplexities and dangers, and imagines he wears the armour to shield him from the blasts of misfortune and repel the attacks of violence. But years steal over him and still find him laboring, toiling and hoping, and still dispossessed of what he fancied already within his grasp; life and all its fluctuations are crowding upon him; he hears the noise of warfare continually about him; faculties and powers are disturbed and wearied; a few of his strongest and most hardy feelings are still enduring the strife; but the soft affections are cold down and destroyed, and the little endearments of youth are felt no more.

Age at length gains upon him, and he finds himself in a calm serene region; but his hopes unsatisfied, his powers weakened, and his energies destroyed. Its tranquil atmosphere destroys every illusion, and teaches him to see through the dark clouds that had put on a deceiving garb; to discern the rocks and shoals on which he had been tossed, and all the aerial nothings which had misled him. He feels the end of all things that joys and pleasures are but glittering shadows, fame a deceiving bauble, and the posession of human content an idle dream; and like the wearied traveller among the shadows of the mountains, prepares for a journey to that land that yields less glittering, but more true and substantial blessings.

PRESIDENTIAL CALCULATIONS.

From every quarter information of Mr. Crawford's increasing strength is received—He is the only candidate who appears to be gaining ground in the Nation. Mr. Clay seems stationary; Mr. Adams is evidently falling back; and General Jackson is retreating faster than Mr. Adams. There is every appearance that the good old mode which gave us a Jefferson, a Madison, and a Monroe, will give us a Crawford. So long as the members of Congress select such candidates they may be assured the nation will ratify their choice. . . *Dem. Press.*

Public Sentiment.—The National Journal remarks, "from a candid review of public sentiment throughout the Union, it seems that in eight States, Mr. Adams will have an unanimous vote, under any circumstances; that in the event of Mr. Clay's being withdrawn, of which there is the strongest probability, he will have, in addition, the unanimous vote of Kentucky and Ohio; and that should circumstances induce Gen. Jackson or his friends to give up the contest, the States of Tennessee and the two Carolinas will be equally ready to transfer their undivided support to the same candidate. In addition to the eight States, which will be unanimous and certain, under any circumstances, Mr. Adams, as we have shown, has decided majorities in four others equally certain. In New-York, which we do not take into this calculation, unless corruption should prevail to an extent which we think wholly impossible, the public voice is too strong in his favor to have a doubt as to the vote of the People. Thus even should *all* the candidates persist in the struggle for supremacy, *Mr. Adams* will receive 117 electoral votes, and would come before the House of Representatives backed by the support of *thirteen* States.—In any event, therefore, his election is beyond all reasonable doubt; and in certain contingencies, the occurrence of which we regard as highly probable we should not be at all surprised to see him elected by an *unanimous vote of the Electoral Colleges.*"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SHOCKING AFFAIR.

Belfast, July 28, 1824.—On Sunday last, about 1 o'clock, P. M. Seth Elliot, Esq. of Knox, was found lying upon a bed with his throat cut in a shocking manner, and a child on the same bed with its throat cut from ear to ear, and entirely lifeless. A bloody razor was found on the hearth. Medical assistance was immediately called and Mr. Elliot is thought to be in a fair way to recover. A coroner's inquest was called in the afternoon of the same day upon the body of the child, and we understand the verdict is wilful murder by its father. Some suppose Mr. Elliot was afflicted with mental derangement. We refrain from more particulars and every thing calculated to excite the feelings, of which much is afloat, as Mr. E. will undoubtedly be held to answer for a capital offence.

On Thursday night this city was visited with one of the heaviest storms of rain, thunder and lightning within the memory of its inhabitants. The water fell in extraordinary torrents, and has deluged, we learn, a number of the cellars in the streets nearest the Delaware. This evil should be remeded without delay, in reference to the common health. Luckily, the wind was not violent in proportion to the other parts of the tempest. Much injury has been sustained in the Northern Liberties by the overflowing of the drains and creeks, and on the banks of the Schuylkill, where the freshet is greater than it has been for a considerable time. The name of one individual near Gray's Ferry, has been mentioned to us whose loss of property is estimated at $5000. *Nat. Gaz.*

Since the arrival of the U. S. brig Spark, at the quarentine ground at New-York, 25 of the crew have been sent to the Hospital. Fifteen are stated to have had the yellow fever, of whom three have died—the rest are convelescent. Every precaution is taken to prevent the disease spreading.

Paul Jones.—The N. York American states that—"By a singular accident, a large collection of *original* letters to this celebrated man, have been recently found in a huckster's shop in that city. Among them are the *copies* of a great number of his own letters, which are completely illustrative of the character of the individual. Of the genuineness of these documents and letters, there is not the least doubt, for the handwritings of such men as La Fayette, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and fifty others like them, cannot be mistaken. We understand the papers are now in possession of Mr. Wiley, who has submitted them to the inspection of the gentlemen of his "Den," with a view to a publication of a part. There are said to be 700 letters alone.

Distressing Casualty.—In the town of Attleborough, last week, a girl, about 12 years of age, was returning home from school, but recollecting something which she wanted and had left at the schoolhouse, went back with the view of obtaining it, and finding the door fastened, she, it is supposed, shoved up the window, with the intention of getting in that way. The child not returning as usual from school, the mother went in search of her, when shocking to relate, she discovered the lifeless body of her child suspended by the neck, from the schoolhouse window. It is supposed the child jumped from the ground to get in at the window, and at the same moment the window-sash fell and caught her by the neck, her feet just clearing the ground, and consequently she had no power to extricate herself. Perhaps a knowledge of the manner in which this child lost her life, would have a beneficial effect, as it is not a thing of very uncommon occurrence for grown persons to attempt the like, and even they, under such circumstances, would have no power to extricate themselves. *Bos. Gaz.*

Pedlars.—It would be well for the public to guard against itinerant booksellers and pedlars of all kinds. The Canandaigua Messenger states, that the works of Josephus, in 95 numbers, fine stereotype edition, with plates, is advertized by an eastern bookseller, at $6—the same work for which *subscribers* are paying $12. *N. Y. Statesman.*

Foot Race.—A race for $1000 was won yesterday by one Warren, a Frenchman, beating one Lawrence. Lawrence beat the first heat half a mile, running it in two minutes and nine seconds; but not answering to time, Warren went round the course alone, and won. Two U. S. officers furnished for arbitration.—*N. Y. paper.*

The spirit for *foot races* has, it seems, extened itself to Philadelphia. A race took place there on Thursday afternoon between two Pedestrians named *Runner* and Clow, for a purse $100—distance one hundred and fifty yards. *Runner* was victorious.

Mrs. Richardson has been sentenced to the Penitentiary in Kentucky, for two years and eight months, for shooting her husband—the jury returned a verdict of *manslaughter.*

A house in Farrinton, Ontario County, was lately burnt down; the fire made such rapid progress, that a boy aged eight years was burned alive.

The Saratoga Sentinel of the 20th ult says the number of strangers at the Springs on the 19th was between 7 and 8 hundred.

REWARDS OFFERED.

The following Notices are extracted from the Brighton Herald of January 3, 1824.

An elegant and commodious house, situate in Brighton, will be given to any individual who can adduce proof of his having *realized* a single farthing, by evading payment of the King's Duties, or by smuggling transactions; or to him who can bring forward testimony of his having got *rich* by working on the *Sabbath Day.* Letters (post paid) addressed to the Editor of the *Brighton Herald,* will experience due attention, and the utmost secrecy be observed.

A handsome Annuity for Life will be granted to any individual who can furnish undeniable proof of his having *ruined himself, or injured his family* by *acts of benevolence.* Letters (post paid) to be addressed to the Editor of the *Brighton Herald.*

We do not understand that any claimants for the Rewards offered have yet appeared!

The Legislature of New-York was to meet at Albany, yesterday, in an extra session, to enact a law concerning the choice of Electors of President. It is impossible to anticipate what the Legislature of *that* State will do, however plain it may be what they ought to do. The 'friends of the people' however say that the choice will be restored to the people. *Hallowel Gazette, of Aug. 4.*

Independent Methodists.—The methodists in the bay of Quinta District, U. C. have lately seceded, and formed an independent Church.

Recent accounts from Matanzas, which is in the vicinity of Key West, our naval station, state that the protection of the squadron had lately been withdrawn from that Post, and that the hulls of four brigs destroyed by the pirates, had been seen to the eastward; and the crews of which were supposed to be murdered.—*N. Y. Mer. Adv.*

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Malta, April 30.—Warlike preparations continue to be made in Constantinople for the most vigorous prosecution of the war against the Greeks. The Porte at peace with Russia and Persia, appears to be in earnest to bring the war to an issue this campaign. The sailing of the first squadron of its fleet had already been announced, and the second squadron, under the high admiral, will sail on the 20th. To bring the war with Persia to a close, the Porte ceded the conquest made by the Shah to tha. power.

Malta, May 12.—An English bombard from Canea (Candia) gives the details of the operations of the Egyptian troops in that island under Osmen Bey:—and we grieve to say that the victory of the Turks was followed by fresh massacrees, and that three vessels, having fugitive Greeks on board, fell into the hands of the Egyptian squadron.

The accounts from the scene of action are to the 3d May, when it was certain that the war would be continued with increased violence and activity.

From Cuba.—Captain Schuyler, of the Brig Florida, informs, that H. B. M. schooner Lion, Capt. Hopson, had captured off Cayo Britan, a piratical schooner of 60 tons—she was run on shore, and the whole crew except 4 made their escape. The whole crew consisted of 26 persons, and it was supposed they would all be taken, as the Island was surrounded by nine barges well manned from the Lion, and another British man of war in the neighborhood. The pirates had possession of the shr. Martha & Jane, Fowler, of Boston, and when the Lion hove in sight, set her on fire and abandoned her. Capt. Fowler and crew were found on the island, where they had been for twenty-eight days, but were well treated by the pirates. Capt. Fowler had sailed for Jamaica in the Lion; it was supposed he had been detained as evidence against the pirates. The crew were put on board the other British man of war. *N. Y. Gaz.*

A most violent gale was experienced in Cadiz Bay on the 7th and 8th May, from the North East and East, in which nearly all the ships suffered more or less, and some were totally wrecked. An American ship laden with quicksilver, was dismasted, driven from her anchorage, deserted by the captain and crew, and went ashore on the opposite coast. She had been got off without damage.

Mr. Brougham was assaulted in the anti-chamber of the House of Commons, on the same spot where Mr. Percival was assassinated, by Mr. Gourley, who some years ago made so much disturbance in Upper Canada. As the instrument used, however, was only a switch, and not a dagger, Mr. Brougham escaped unhurt. Gourlay was committed for a breach of privilege. It seemed to be conceded that he was insane.

The Supreme Executive power of the Republic of Colombia has dispatched orders to the respective ports of the Republic, positively prohibiting those Spaniards who have emigrated from the peninsula from entering the territories of Colombia, however liberal have been their opinions, and also extending the prohibition to such Americans as may have co-operated with Spain in the war against Colombia.—*N. Y.*

A company has been formed in Russia to unite the Black and Baltic Seas by a canal, by means of the Dnieper and Niemen.

Laconic Correspondence.—The following notes passed between Count de Villele, and Viscount de Chateaubriand, two of the French ministers:—

NOTE.

"Monsieur le Vicomte—I obey the king's orders, and transmit you the inclosed ordinance.
VILLELE."

ANSWER.

"Monsieur le Comte.—I have quitted the Hotel of Foreign Affairs. The department is at your service.
DE CHATEAUBRIAND."

The proceedings against M. de Chateaubriand were very prompt and unequivocal. On repairing in the morning to the Tuilleries, where he had been in the habit of being received by eager crouds, he found the doors shut against him. He inquired the cause.—A sergeant at arms informed him, that there was a packet to his address which had been carried to his hotel. He hastened home, an read his dismission.

There is an instance in English history somewhat analagous. When Pitt the younger, succeeded to the Ministry, he wrote the following note to Charles James Fox:—"Sir—*His Majesty has formed a new list of Ministers, in which I do not see your name.*"

M. de Villele, the present Prime Minister of France, and now, perhaps a Duke, is among the most fortunate men of the age.—Not long since he was a practising Attroney at Bordeaux, was a Member of the Chamber of Deputies, in 1817, then advanced to the Peerage, and now at the head of the Councils of France. M. de Corbiere, Minister of the interior, was also an Attroney at Bordeaux.

Guardian's Sale.

ON SATURDAY, *the fourth day of September next,* will be sold at Public Vendue, at the store of SIMEON CUMMINGS, Esq. of Paris, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, by order from the Judge of Probate of the County of Oxford, so much of the real estate of Eliza Rowe, of said Paris, as will produce the sum of forty-five dollars, for the payment of just debts and incidental charges. Said real estate consists of one undivided twelfth part of a tract or parcel of land, situated in said Paris, being part of lot numbered 13 in the fourth range of lots in said town, being one undivided twelfth part of the said parcel or tract of land, that was set off to Nathaniel Willis, late of said Paris, deceased, as heir, to the estate of John Willis, late of said Paris, deceased.

JOHN DENNETT, *Guardian to said Eliza Rowe.*
Paris, August 10th, 1824. 3w.

At a Court of Probate, holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the tenth day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty four:

ON the petition of Jason Sherman, administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of JOSIAH BACHELOR, late of Fryeburg, in said county, Esquire, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of three thousand seven hundred and sixty-four dollars and thirty-one cents and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased, as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Observer, printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Rumford, on the third Monday of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

GARDINER LYCEUM.

THE next term at the Gardiner Lyceum will commence August 25th, 1824. Candidates for admission to the third class will be examined in the fundamental rules of Arithmetic, and will be expected to have an acquaintance with English Grammar. They will also bring certificates of good moral character.

A house is now erecting where commons will be provided for the students at one dollar per week, washing 25 cents per week, and room furnished for 2 students, with cot and matrass, table and two chairs, for 25 cents per week for each student. Each student will provide his own bed clothes.

Students who give satisfactory evidence of intelligence, industry, good moral conduct, and of inability to pay the tuition fees, will be exempted from paying them.

All the books used at the Lyceum can be purchased in Gardiner at discount from the bookstore prices. The four winter classes of which notice has been already given, viz: 1st, In Surveying. 2d, In Navigation. 3d, In Carpentry and Civil Architecture, and 4th, In Chemistry and its application to the useful arts, will commence their particular studies the 3d Wednesday in November, and complete their course the first Wednesday of April; but it is recommended to those who design to attend them, to enter in August when it can be done with convenience, and attend the regular course till November, which will facilitate their winter studies. B. HALE, *Principal.*
July, 1824.

Hebron Academy.

THE spring term at this school will close the 21st inst. The fall term will commence the third Wednesday of August next, and will continue under the care of Mr. CONURN, whose experience in teaching, and whose attention to his scholars are such as cannot fail to give satisfaction to those that may attend his instruction.

☞Board from a dollar to a dollar thirty-three cents per week. July 17, 1824. 6w

JEREMIAH HASKELL,

SIGN OF THE GILT HAT,

No. 7 Exchange-street.....Portland,

KEEPS constantly on hand, a general assortment of *Superfine, Fine, and low-priced* BEAVER, CASTOR and IMITATION

HATS,

ALL OF THE FIRST QUALITY.....ALSO,

IMITATION HATS, on favorable terms, by the case.—Men's and Boys FELT HATS.
Portland, June 28, 1824. 3m.

PORTLAND AND PARIS

MAIL STAGE.

THE Proprietor of the above line in future intends running his Stage twice a week.

It will start from Portland on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and pass through the following towns, viz: *Westbrook, Falmouth, Gray, Poland, Hebron, Norway* and arrive at *Paris* same day.

☞Every Saturday it will pass through *New-Gloucester* and *Minot,* going from *Portland;* and every Monday pass through the same towns in returning to Portland.

RATES OF FARE.

On Wednesdays going from Portland, and on Fridays returning.

From Portland to Gray,	- - -	$1 00
" " *Poland,*	- - -	1 25
" " *Hebron,*	- - -	1 50
" " *Norway,*	- - -	1 50
" " *Paris,*	- - -	2 00

On Saturdays going from Portland, and on Mondays returning.

From Portland to Gray,	- - -	$1 00
" " *New-Gloucester,*	- -	1 37
" " *Minot,*	- - -	1 50
" " *Poland,*	- - -	1 50
" " *Hebron,*	- - -	1 75
" " *Norway,*	- - -	2 00
" " *Paris,*	- - -	2 25

☞Those who wish for passage in the above line, or to entrust business to the care of the subscriber, will please apply at I. WATERHOUSE'S *Stage Tavern,* in Portland, or to the subscriber's boarding house, on Paris Hill.

The subscriber pledges himself that good Carriages and Horses shall be provided. And that nothing, which assiduity and unremitted exertion can effect shall be left unaccomplished to entitle him to a share of public patronage. JAMES LONGLEY.
Paris, July 1, 1824.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss.

PURSUANT to Warrants from Elias Thomas, Esq. Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed, against the following Township and Tracts of unimproved LAND, situated in the County of Oxford, for the following State tax for the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-three, viz.

Township	No. 1, first Range,		$5 01
do.	No. 2, 3d	do.	4 73
do.	No. 3, 2d	do.	6 91
do.	No. 3, 3d	do.	4 73
do.	No. 4, 3d	do.	4 73
do.	No. 5, 3d	do.	5 11
do.	No. 4, 4th	do.	5 19
do.	No. 4,		4 50
do.	No. 7,		4 95
do.	No. 1, Letter A,		5 89
do.	No. 2, Letter A.		6 41
Bradley's and Eastman's Grant,			4 80
Fryeburg Academy Land,			4 19

I hereby give notice, that unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of said Townships and unimproved LAND, will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court-House, in Paris, on *Monday, the twenty-third day of August next,* at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY,
Sheriff of Oxford County.
Hebron, July 1, 1824. *6w.

Administrator's Sale.

ON MONDAY *the thirtieth day of August instant,* at one of the clock in the afternoon, will be sold, at PUBLIC VENDUE, by order from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, so much of the real estate of *JONATHAN KIMBALL,* late of Waterford, in said County, deceased, as will produce the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased and incidental charges—All the Right in Equity which the said Jonathan Kimball had in and to redeem of a certain tract or lot of land situate in Waterford; it being fifty-six acres of lot No. 10 in the second Range of lots; it being southeasterly part of said lot—being the same which Isaac Kimball conveyed to Jonathan Kimball, by deed dated, April 30, 1814, and Recorded with said Records in Book No. 20 page 231-232.

☞Sale of said premises to be on the premises in said Waterford. Terms made known at the time and place of sale. JONATHAN STONE, *Adm'r.*
Waterford, August 2, 1824. 5*

Ranaway,

FROM the subscriber, on Monday, the 27th ult. an indented apprentice, by the name of JASON TUTTLE. He was about 11 years of age; was of dark complexion, and had dark hair. No debts of said apprentice's contracting, will be paid by me—and all persons are consequently forbid harboring or trusting him on my account. SAMUEL STEARNS.
Paris, August 2, 1824.

NOTICE.

ALL persons who are indebted to the late firm of *GOODALE, GLAZIER & Co.* are requested to pay the same without the *least delay,* as their notes and accounts will be out of the *possession* of the subscriber in a few days. ASA BARTON, Agent.
Paris, July 22, 1824.

BOOKS & STATIONARY.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE AT THE
OXFORD BOOKSTORE,

MEMOIRS of *Mrs.* FANNY NEWELL, wife of Ebenezer F. Newell, preacher of the Gospel. Mrs. Newell made a public profession of religion in early life, united with the *Methodist* church, and died in April last, aged 30 years. Her *Memoirs* are interesting to all such as have a reverence for *experimental* and *practical* piety.

ALSO,

LAWS OF MAINE, January Session, 1824; Maine Justice; Wistar's Anatomy; Bichats' general Anatomy, with a general assortment of Medical Books.

ALSO,

School and Classical Books; Bibles, Testaments, &c. &c.

WITH A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
STATIONARY ARTICLES.

☞All of which will be sold cheap, for cash, or good clean cotton or linen RAGS.
Paris, July 15, 1824.

BOOKS & MAPS.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE,

Character of Charles James Fox;
Examination of Aaron Burr;
Trial of Joshua Nettles and Elizabeth Conner for murder.
Report of the trial of Richard H. Rowen for a libel.
Also.....Map of Greece and Italy—Palestine Ancient Egypt—Persia—Asia Minor, and of the world.

☞The above Books and Maps will be sold at a discount of fifty per cent, if applied for in a few days.

ALSO, JUST RECEIVED.

The *MAINE TOWN OFFICER,* containing the powers and duties of town, plantation and parish officers, with all the necessary forms, according to the Laws of Maine—with much other useful matter. Second edition; revised, corrected and much enlarged.

Also.....A new edition of the history of Robinson Crusoe with plates.

Also....."A Letter to a friend," by the late George Thatcher, Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

Thacter's Journal.—Life of Otis, &c.
Paris, July 29, 1824.

NOTICE.

THE committee chosen by the town of Paris, at the last April meeting, for the purpose of divising some system, for the support of the poor in Said town, will receive proposals, on what terms a farm can be purchased, on which said poor can be supported. The contractor to state the situation of the land and buildings; the number of acres of mowing, tillage, pasturing and woodland; with all the particulars relative thereto; the amount of purchase money and times of payment. Said proposal is to be made in writing to either of the subscribers, on or before the 26th day of August next.

BENJA. CHANDLER, } *Per Order*
THOMAS CLARK, }
July 6, 1824. eop2m.

THE OLIO.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

Adieu! adieu! my only friend,
As fortune now has frowned;
Could you a listening ear now lend:
My heart alas! is wounded.

How sweetly did the moments glide
When I those ringlets viewed,
Those blushing cheeks, which there did hide
With tears, were oft bedewed.

That bonny hair, which shines so bright,
Hangs down in silken tresses;
That hand, the swelling tear doth wipe,
The Swain so often presses.

Those eyes, which beam in friendship's smile,
(To that, I once was listening,)
Soft innocence and beauty shine
Where crystal tears hang glistening.

That smile, which on thy face doth dwell,
Once cheer'd the welcome lover,
And to his blithsome heart, did tell,
That joy should last forever.

That voice, which did salute my ear,
Clear as the Jewish cymbal,
In breathless silence, I did hear—
Those days I passed, were cheerful.

How beautious is that slender form
In lover's arms a rushing,
The rose, that paints the dewy morn,
Seen in thy face, a blushing.

See how the woodbine loves the grove,
Entwining round the flower;
From burning sun, at noon, I rove
To shade beneath the bower.

The pearling rill, meandering by,
My youth has oft delighted;
While pleasure roll'd the tearless eye
Sweet prospects, often blighted.

Still animation, tunes my lute,
O! would I drown my sorrow;
To day, we gaze at ripening fruit,
Impatient, wait to-morrow.

Should this cause melting tears to flow
Down youthful cheeks now glowing,
They'd heave a sigh, for other's woe,
Mild zephyrs waft when blowing.

The stubern oak, disdains to bend,
The willow meekly bowing;
The canvass white, the gale doth rend,
The keel, so deeply ploughing.

The whiten'd lily braves the deep,
Blue violets lowly creeping;
The pinks perfume the air so sweet,
The poppy's head hangs weeping.

But still, my fondest hopes repay
Ye mournful days, cause sighing;
As blooming flowers, spring up in May,
In Autum's chills are dying.

DON ALONZO DE MOLINA.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

We give the following extracts of a sermon, by the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, from the "Zion's Herald," an ably conducted paper, published in Boston, under the patronage of the Methodist Conference. We wish the sentiments inculcated, in this sermon, were more generally observed by all denominations of christians—for, were it the case, we should behold more christian charity and fellowship existing amongst us.—We, however, have occular demonstration before us, that the walls of prejudice and superstition are fast falling to ruin; for, we see, in many instances, christians of different orders and sects uniting together in their religious services, and there is not that *distance* kept betwixt the various sects of religionists in our country, that was so *strictly observed* a few years since.—ED. OBSERVER.

And when Jehu departed thence, he lighted on Jehonadab, son of Rechab, coming to meet him,—And he saluted him and said, Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart? and Jehonadab answered, it is. If it be, give me thine hand!

'Tis very possible that many good men may entertain peculiar opinions, and some of them may be as singular herein, as even Jehonadab was.—And it is certain, so long as *we know but in part*, that all men will not see all things alike, it is an unavoidable consequence of the present weakness and shortness of human understanding, that several men will be of several minds in religion as well as in common life. So it has been from the beginning of the world, and so it will be till the restitution of all things. Nay, farther; although every man necessarily believes that every particular opinion which he holds is true, yet can no man be assured that all his own opinions, taken together, are true. Nay, every *thinking* man is assured they are not, seeing to be ignorant of many things, and to mistake in some, is the necessary condition of humanity.—*This*, therefore, he is sensible is his own case. He knows, in the general, that he himself is mistaken. Although in what particulars he mistakes, he does not, perhaps cannot know. For who can tell how far invincible ignorance may extend? Or what comes to the same thing, invincible prejudice, which is so often fixed in tender minds, that it is afterwards impossible to tear up what has taken so deep root. And who can say, unless he knew every circumstance attending it, how far any mistake is culpable! Seeing all guilt must suppose some concurrence of the will, of which he *only* can judge who searcheth the heart. Every wise man, therefore, will allow others the same liberty of thinking which he desires they should allow him; and will no more insist on their embracing his opinions, than he would have them to insist on his embracing theirs. He bears with those who differ from him, and only asks *how* with whom he desires to unite in love that single question: *Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart?*

We may learn hence what is a *catholic spirit*. It is not an indifference to all opinions, nor an indifference as to public worship, nor an indifference to all congregations. It is a man of a truly catholic spirit, while he is steadily fixed in his religious principles, in what he believes to be *the truth, as it is in Jesus*; while he firmly adheres to that worship of God, which he judges to be most acceptable in his sight, and while he is united by the tenderest and closest ties to one particular congregation; his heart is enlarged towards all mankind, those he knows, and those he does not; he embraces with strong and cordial affection, neighbors and strangers, friends and enemies. This is catholic, or universal love. And he that has this, is of a *catholic spirit*.—For love alone, gives the title to this character. Catholic love is a *catholic spirit*. But if we take this word in the strictest sense, a man of a *catholic spirit* is one who, in the manner above-mentioned, *gives his hand* to all whose *hearts are right with his heart*. One, who, knows how to value and praise God for all the advantages he enjoys, with regard to the knowledge of the things of God; the true scriptural manner of worshipping him; and, above all, his union with a congregation fearing God, and working righteousness. One, who retaining these blessings with the strictest care, keeping them as the apple of his eye, at the same time loves his friends as brethren in the Lord, as joint partakers now of the present kingdom of God, and fellow-heirs of his eternal kingdom; all, of whatever opinion or worship, or congregation, who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; who love God and man; who, rejoicing to please, and fearing to offend God, are careful *to abstain from evil, and are zealous of good works*.

Thou, O man of God, think on these things.—If thou art already in this way, go on. If thou hast heretofore mistook the path, bless God who hath brought thee back. And now run the race which is set before thee in the royal way of universal love. Take heed lest thou be either wavering in thy judgment, or straitened in thy bowels. But keep an even pace, rooted in the faith once delivered to the saints, and grounded in love, in true *catholic love*, till thou art swallowed up in love for ever and ever.

THE RESURRECTION.

Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all was yet as quiet as the sepulchre: Death held his sceptre over the Son of God; still and silent the hours passed on; the guards stood by their post; the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets and on their spears; the enemies of Christ exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and in sorrow; the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God. At length the morning star arising in the east, assured the approach of light. The third day began to dawn upon the world, when, on a sudden, the earth trembled from its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken. An angel of God descended; the guard shrunk from his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground; his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment like snow; he rolled the stone from the sepulchre, and sat upon it. But who is it that cometh from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength? It is thy Prince, O Zion; Christian, it is thy Lord: He hath trodden the wine press alone: He hath stained his raiment with blood; but now, as the first-born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conquerer from the grave; He returns with blessings from the world of spirits; He brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious! It was the jubilee of the universe. The morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. The father of mercies looked from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he beheld his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice; the face of nature was gladened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended as the dew of heaven for the refreshing of nations.

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL CONDUCT.

Nothing, it must be confessed, in moral conduct, is more difficult, than to avoid turning here, either *to the right hand or to the left*. One of the greatest trials both of wisdom and virtue is, to preserve a just medium, between that harshness of austerity, which disgusts and alienates mankind, and that weakness of good nature which opens the door to sinful excess. The one seperates us too much from the world. The other connects us too closely with it; and seduces us to *follow the multitude in doing evil*. One who is of the former character, studies too little to be agreeable, in order to be useful. He who is of the latter, by studying too much to be agreeable, forfeits his innocence. If the one hurt religion by clothing it in the garb of unnecessary strictness, the other, by unwarrantable compliance, strengthens the power of corruption in the world. The one borders on the character of the Pharisee; the other on that of the Saducee. True religion enjoins us to stand at an equal distance from both; and to pursue the difficult, but honorable aim, of uniting good nature with fixed religious principle; affable manners with untainted virtue. Farther; we run to one extreme when we contemn altogether the opinions of mankind; to another, when we court their praise too eagerly. The former discovers a high degree of pride and self-conceit.—The latter betrays servility of spirit. We are formed by nature and Providence, to be connected with one another. No man can stand entirely alone, and independent of all his fellow creatures. A reasonable regard, therefore, for their esteem and good opinion, is a commendable principle. It flows from humanity; and coincides with the desire of being mutually useful. But, if that regard be carried too far, it becomes the source of much corruption. For in the present state of mankind, the praise of the world often interfers with our acting that steady and conscientious part, which gains the approbation of God.—Hence arises the difficulty of drawing a proper line, between the allowable regard for reputation, and the excessive desire of praise. On the one side, and on the other, dangers meet us; and either extreme will be pernicious to virtue. *Blair's Sermons.*

BISHOP LOUTH.

Christianity itself was puplished to the world in the most enlightned age; *it invited and challenged* the *examination* of the ablest judges, and stood the test of the *severest scrutiny*: the more it is brought to the light, to the greater advantage will it appear. When, on the other hand, the dark ages of barbarism came on, as every art and science was almost extinguished, so was Christianity in proportion oppressed and overwhelmed by error and superstition. It hath always flourished or decayed together with learning and liberty; it will ever stand or fall with them. It is therefore of the utmost importance to the cause of true religion, that it be submitted to an *open and impartial examination*; that every disquisition concerning it be allowed its free course: that even the malice of its enemies should have its full scope, and try its *utmost strength of argument against it*. Let no man be alarmed at the attempts of atheists or infidels; let them produce their cause, let them bring forth their strong reasons to their own confusion; afford them not the advantage of restraint, the only advantage their cause admits; let them not boast the false credit of supposed arguments and pretended demonstrations which they are forced to suppress.

[*Sermon*, 1658.

A MOTHER.—There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined in a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought of the mother that "looked on his childhood," that soothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to her son, that transcends all other affections of the heart.—It is neither to be chilled by selfishness nor daunted by danger, nor weakned by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort in his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment, she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtake him, he will be dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

SWEARING.—The following observations are offered to those who are accustomed to this disgusting habit.:

"It is not easy to perceive what pleasure can arise from the sound of senseless interjections; or what superior entertainment can spring from the profane sound of *God, devil, damn, curse*, than from the sound of wax, wafers, pens, ink or any other words of the same number of syllables. It is not easy to perceive what *profit* is annexed to it. Whatever fortune may be made by perjury, I believe there never was a man who made his fortune by swearing. It often happens that men pay for their swearing, but it seldom happens that they are paid for it. It is not easy to perceive what honor or credit is connected with it. Does any man receive promotion because he is a notable blusterer? Or, is any man advanced to dignity because he is expert at profane swearing? Never. Low must be the character which such impertinence will exalt; high must be the character which such impertinence will not degrade. Inexcusable, therefore, must be the practice which has neither reason nor passion to support it. The drunkard has his cups; the hypocrite, his sanctity; the satirist, his revenge; the ambitious man, his preferments; the miser, his gold: but the common swearer has nothing; he is a fool at large; sells his soul for nought; and drudges in the service of the devil gratis. Swearing is void of all plea. It is not the native offspring of the soul, nor interwoven with the texture of the body, nor any how allied to our frame. For, as a great man (Tillotson) expresses it, though some men pour out oaths as if they were natural, yet *no man was ever born of a swearing constitution*. But it is a custom, a low and paltry custom, picked up by low and paltry spirits who have no sense of honor, no regard to decency; but are forced to substitute some rhapsody of nonsense, to supply the vacancy of good sense. Hence the silliness of the practice can only be equalled by the silliness of those who adopt it."

The following fine passage is extracted from a speech of Judge Story, in the convention of Massachusetts. "In our country, the highest man is not above the people. If the rich may be said to have additional protection, they have not additional power—nor does wealth here form a permanent distinction of families. Those who are wealthy to-day, pass to the tomb, and their children divide their estates. Property is thus divided as fast as it accumulates. No family can, without its own exertions, stand erect a long time, under our statute of descents and distributions, the only true and legitimate agrarian law. It silently dissolves the mass heaped up by the toil and diligence of a long life of enterprize and industry. Property is continually changing like the waves of the sea. One wave rises, and is soon swallowed up in the vast abyss, and seen no more. Another rises and having reached its destined limits, falls gently away, and is succeeded by yet another, which in its turn, breaks and dies gently on the shore. The richest man among us may be brought down to the humblest level; and the child, with scarcely clothes to cover his nakedness, may rise to the highest office in our government; and the poor man, while he rocks his infant on his knees, may justly indulge the consolation, that if he possesses talents and virtue, there is no office beyond the reach of his honorable ambition."

From the Trenton Emporium.

HE DIED.—In these two short but comprehensive words, we read the consummation of the brief history of man—man whose life is like a vapor; who appears a moment and then vanishes away. Thus terminates the career of the *conqueror!* he comes forth in the proud resources of his mind, marshalling his legions for the storm, and stirring up as with the breath of the whirlwind, the hot spirit of desolating war; convulsing society; sapping the foundations of civil order; shaking the thrones and kingdom of the world, and opening the flood gates of sorrow on mankind, that he may gather round him a little tinsel grandeur, and associate his name with terror. A little space, and in a corner of an obscure print we read—*he died*.—The troubling waves, his spirit had invoked, are still; and men contemplate what he was, and is, with a kind of contemptuous wonder.—The man whose soul is wrapped up in *ambition*, toils his little hour for fame, and gains, if fortunate, the sum of his wishes; we hear his name sounded abroad, and on the next breath, trembles the words; *he died*.—Then he who calmly reasons feels the small worth of titles and applauses that end in this. The rich, the poor; the grave, the gay; the imbecile, the wise; the free-man and the slave; all conclude the chapter thus. But it is when death strikes near us and his arrows reach our own bosoms, that we feel the force of these expressive monosyllables. *He Died*, is written against the name of relative, or a companion; and then we know that the form, the face, the every feature with which we have been familiar is hid away from our mortal vision forever—that the voice we heard so often and so gladly, we shall hear no more—that the mind which could charm in its development of power and knowledge is no longer a tenant of the earth, and the heart that loved us will not beat again while one sand remains in the hour glass of time, or the pillars of the world remain unshaken. We seem to approach nearer to the veil that screens from our view the hidden empire of death—we ask ourselves, whither at this moment is the spirit of the departed? the involuntary answer is; where we shall shortly be. Strange that when death spreads among us his visible tokens daily; when he strikes so often into the social circle, and spares neither at the fireside, nor festive board, we should live in so much seeming forgetfulness of his existence.

ANECDOTES.

Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

"Be easy," said a rich invalid to his son-in-law, who was every hour, perplexing him with complaints of his wife's misbehaviour. "Be easy," I say; as her behaviour is very blamable, I will alter my will, and cut her off with a shilling." He heard no more of his daughter's failings.

Riches may be entailed, and nobility become hereditary. Wit and wisdom can never be made their looms. There are few names more respectable among the patriarchs of Massachusetts, than Governor Dudley and Judge Sewall; yet the former had a daughter, who could scarce keep out of fire and water, and the latter a son of equal abilities. The prudence of the old gentlemen intermarried these wise acres. In due time after the marriage, Judge Sewall, then sitting at the council board in Boston, received a letter informing him that his daughter-in-law was delivered of a fine son; he communicated the billet to the Governor, who after perusing it, observed, with an arch severity, "Brother Sewall, I am thinking how we shall contrive, to prevent this grandson of ours from being as great a fool as his father." "I believe," retorted Judge Sewall, "I believe we must not let him suck his mother." *Moore's Al.*

An honest tar hired a horse to carry him a few miles—but before he had got many yards, he found he possessed the usual excellences of the unfortunate four footed hirelings of the road, such as blindness, lameness, stumbling, &c. The sailor, however, (having been unshipped twice, with very little ceremony in the length of half a mile, by the animal falling on his knees) hit upon a very whimsical mode of curing the impediment—which was by tying a stone to his tail, and in that state rode several miles, "*twas better to be too much by the stern, than constantly plunging bows under.*"

From a London paper.

About the year 1790, when the Lord Chancellor Thurlow was supposed to be on no very friendly terms with the Minister, Mr. Pitt, a friend asking the latter how Thurlow drew with them? "I don't know," says the premier, "how he draws, but he has not refused his oats yet."

The celebrated astronomer, Dr. Maskelyne, was known to be very taciturn. One day, on his return home in the Greenwich stage, a servant girl who travelled with him, and was disposed to be very chatty, received, as usual, nothing but monosyllables.—On her leaving the coach, she thus addressed the doctor: "If you're a wise man, you've been a fool for talking; but if you are a fool, you've shown your wisdom by not exposing your folly by your tongue; and so I wish you a good morning."

An Emigrant from Ireland boasting to an American farmer the great superiority of his native country over this, by way of proof asked him (pointing to the new moon) "what do you call that? I call it the moon," said the farmer—"That a moon, rejoined the Irishman, "by Jasus the *stars* in Ireland are larger."